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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. III. MARCH 1, 1817. No. XV.

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L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, *will be acceptable.*

The paper signed Z. is inadmissible. We beg leave to remind the writer, that, in order to obtain readers, a moral essay, which, from the triteness of the subject, can scarcely be expected to display much novelty, ought at least to possess sound argument, and be adorned with the graces of style and language.

We have no doubt that many unpublished Receipts and Processes, the diffusion of which might render essential benefit to society at large, exist in the hands of individuals dispersed through the kingdom. To all who possess such information, of approved utility, we offer our Domestic Commonplace-Book *as a suitable vehicle for communicating it to the public.*

The Fortune-Hunter *shall appear in our next.*

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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THE SECOND SERIES.

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THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL.

FINE ARTS.

ARCHITECTURAL HINTS.

PLATE 13.—A VILLA.

This building is designed to afford accommodation to a small family of moderate fortune; it consists of a spacious dining-room and two drawing-rooms, a study, and five bed-rooms, with dressing-rooms, a principal and back staircase, and a servants' hall and butler's pantry under the front apartments: the other offices would be removed from the basement of the house, to which there might be a communication by a passage, or area, as the nature of the ground permitted: indeed irregular surfaces of ground on which we are about to build, present circumstances that lead the architect to dispositions and arrangements exceedingly desirable, and which could not be provided for unless he had an intimate knowledge of the spot selected for the purpose. It has been too common a practice to adopt plans without this exercise of judgment; and hence many buildings are so disposed, that some of the principal apartments are properly above the surface of the ground, whilst others are beneath it; so that even in an elevated situation, parts of the house suffer the injuries consequent on building in a hollow, and the whole becomes damp and unhealthy; when, had the inclined lines of the soil been judiciously considered, and the natural forms assisted by such artificial mouldings as might be readily executed at a small expense, the whole would have been complete, and superior accommodation and effect obtained; as well as healthfulness and security from the result of damps and the ravages of the dry-rot. Few things in building so surprise an attentive observer as the prevalence of the fault just alluded to; it is a common thing to find excellent houses so built in the ground, that it might seem as if the heavens were forbidden to us, and that every foot in altitude beyond the earth was a culpable trespass upon the skies.

In the plan of this villa, the dining-room and library are increased by bays, which project beyond the

general outline of the walls above them; consequently so much of the upper walls are without substructure, and are dependant upon an artificial support, which is usually formed by beams of timber, assisted by an arch spanning from side to side: this is, however, inefficient in most cases, the timber shrinks in its substance, and yields to the weight above it; at all times therefore it is proper to help it by the introduction of columns, as in the dining-room, unless the apartment is so narrow as to allow the aid of transverse beams passing from the outside to the middle wall, as would be the case in the library of this design.

The evidences of neglect in these means are seen in the cracks which take place in the walls above the projections, in the broken ceilings and cornices of the rooms beneath, and in the collections of water which collect upon the flats of the bays, in consequence of an alteration in their currents, and thence it too frequently finds its way into and damages the apartments.

THE DOMESTIC COMMONPLACE-BOOK;

Containing authentic Receipts and miscellaneous Information in every Branch of Domestic Economy, and of general Utility.

FAMILY PRESCRIPTIONS.

For Indigestion.—Take of the blue pill one drachm, divide into twelve pills: one to be taken every other night. By Mr. Abernethy.

Take of infusion of cascarilla three ounces, carbonate of soda ten grains: to be taken twice a day.

For catarrhal, or recent Cough.—Take of almond emulsion seven ounces, mucilage of gum arabic one ounce. Dover's powder one drachm; mix. Two table-spoonfuls to be taken every three hours, or when the cough is troublesome. By Dr. Latham.

For chronic Cough.—Take of emulsion of gum ammoniac seven ounces, oxymel of squills six drachms, paregoric elixir four drachms; mix. Two or three large spoonfuls to be taken every two or three hours. By Sir H. Halford, Bart. M.D. &c.

For Indigestion, &c.—Take of the gum pill and Rufus's pill of each one drachm; mix and divide into twenty-four pills, of which two are to be taken twice a-day.

Take of the dilute nitric acid half an ounce, syrup of buckthorn one ounce; mix. One tea-spoonful to be taken twice a day, in a little water. By Dr. Frampton.

For general Debility of the nervous System.—Take of the sulphate of zinc ten grains, extract of gentian two scruples, extract of bitter apple compound one scruple; mix well together, and divide into twenty pills: two to be taken every night.

Take of the fetid spirit of ammonia three drachms, camphorated mixture six ounces, syrup of orange peel three drachms, compound spirit of lavender two drachms; mix. Two large spoonfuls to be taken three times a day. By Dr. Babington.

For general nervous Irritability.—Take of tincture of galbanum, tincture of castor, compound spirit of ammonia, and compound tinc-

ture of aloes, of each half an ounce; mix. Two tea-spoonfuls to be taken twice a-day, in an infusion of ginger-root. By Dr. Luke.

For Hooping-Cough.—Take of the flowers of furze a handful, infuse in half a pint of boiling water for two hours, then strain off the liquor and sweeten it with sugar. A wine-glassful to be taken three or four times a day. By W. Altham.

For Spasms of the Stomach.--Take of mercurial pill one scruple, gum ditto two scruples; mix and divide into twelve pills. Two to be taken every night.

Take of aromatic spirit of ether five drachms, compound tincture of gentian three drachms, pure water half an ounce; mix. A tea-spoonful to be taken in a wine-glass of water three times a day. By Dr. Agar.

RECEIPT FOR MAKING BARM.

To half an ounce of good hops and one quarter of a pound of soft sugar add one gallon of soft water, and boil the whole thirty minutes; strain it into a vessel in which it may cool as soon as possible; then take half a pint of fine flour, and, when the liquor is milk warm (in winter, but cooler in summer), blend the flour in a bowl with some of the liquor as you would for broth, and afterwards mix it quite even with the whole. Then pour all into a deep crock, and barm it as you would beer with a little barm, and leave it to work, covering the crock. In twenty-four hours it will be fit for use. By bottling, it will hold good for a fortnight. One half-pint of this barm will be sufficient for half a stone of flour, but you must set the sponge longer than with common barm, using water as usual. This barm has the advantage of never failing—though slow, it is sure. By adding to the above you may make it as strong as you please; and when you have a first making, keep a small part to work the next. When you are about to use the barm, stir it well with a whisk.

CHEAP SOUPS.

The following experiments made in October last by Dr. James Johnston, physician of the royal hospital at Haslar, at the request of the Hon. Vice-Admiral William Waldegrave, may afford some useful hints to the heads of families. The prices are according to the London markets of December 12, 1816.

FIRST TRIAL.

	s.	d.
Beef stickings, 1lb.	0	4
Scotch barley, 1lb.	0	4
Potatoes, 6lbs.	0	3
Onions	0	0½
Pepper and salt	0	0½
Bacon*, 4 oz.	0	2
Produce 8 quarts	1	2

SECOND TRIAL.

	s.	d.
Sheep's head and pluck	1	0
Barley, 1lb.	0	4
Potatoes, 4lbs.	0	2
Onions	0	0½
Pepper and salt	0	0½
Water, 11 pints	0	0
Produce 6 quarts	1	7

* The coarsest part of bacon will be sufficiently good. Therefore an ounce or two may be added, if found necessary.

THIRD TRIAL.

	s.	d.
Beef stickings, 2lbs.	0	8
Barley, 1lb.	0	4
Potatoes, 4lbs.	0	2
Onions	0	0½
Pepper and salt	0	0½
Water, 11 pints	0	0
Produce 6 quarts	1	3

FOURTH TRIAL.

Ox cheek	1	0
Barley, 2 lbs.	0	8
Potatoes, 8 lbs.	0	4
Pepper and salt	0	1
Onions	0	1
Water, 22 pints	0	0
Produce 14 quarts	2	2

FIFTH TRIAL.

Shin of beef, at 2d. per lb. 10lbs.	1	8
Barley, 1½lb.	0	6
Onions	0	1
Potatoes, 8lbs.	0	4
Salt and pepper	0	1
Water, 11 quarts	0	0
Produce 14 quarts	2	8

Any sweet herbs or cheap vegetables that can be procured, may be added.

One pound of Scotch barley, when boiled, or rather suffered to simmer four hours over a very small fire, if poured into an earthen pan, will become a thick jelly, and weigh four pounds. A few spoonfuls of this put into either thin broth or milk will add much to the nourishment.

The above trials were made in a very close stewpan, that emitted scarcely any evaporation; consequently the use of the digester will be found to be of great improvement.

SUBSTITUTE FOR BREAD.

One of the most economical substitutes for bread is the following very simple dish:—Take two pounds of meat prepared for a pie, mash a quantity of potatoes, and mix them up with milk to the consistency of batter; pour it over the meat, and send it to the oven without a crust. The potatoe batter forms a crust, and, thus prepared, the meat will go much further than in the usual way, and bread will be saved.

CHEAP PAINT.

The following is a recipe, given in an American paper, to make a very beautiful paint for the walls of staircases and lobbies, the cost of which is less than one-fourth of that of oil colour, and the beauty far superior:—

Take 4lbs. of Roman vitriol, and pour on it a tea-kettle full of boiling water; when dissolved, add 2 lbs. of pearl ash, and stir the mixture well with a stick until the effervescence ceases, then add ¼lb. pulverised yellow arsenic, and stir the whole together; let it be laid on with a paint or white-wash brush, and if the wall has not been painted before, two, or even three, coats will be requisite. To paint a common-sized room with this colour will not cost more than five or six dollars. If a pea-green is required put in less, and if an apple-green more of the yellow arsenic.

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL LIBRARY, TANJORE

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES.

CATHERINE GABRIELLI.

Catherine Gabrielli, one of the most celebrated singers of Italy, born at Rome in 1730, was the daughter of a cook to Prince Gabrielli. Nature had bestowed on her an admirable voice, but her father had not the means of cultivating her talent for music, and all that he could do towards cherishing her fondness for singing was to take her with him occasionally to the opera. Here Catherine contrived to make herself such a perfect mistress of the principal airs which she heard sung, as to be able to execute them afterwards herself with astonishing skill. One day she was singing at her work a very difficult air of Galuppi's, which she had heard performed the preceding evening at the theatre by Argentina, when Prince Gabrielli, who just then chanced to be walking in his garden, heard her with great astonishment, and asked how it happened that there was so excellent a singer in his house. Being informed that it was only the cook's daughter, he replied, *S'è cosi, il mio cuoco deverrà presto un asino d'oro.*—"If that be the case, my cook will soon become a golden ass." He immediately sent for Catherine, who sung at his desire a few pieces from memory, which heightened his astonishment, and he determined himself to supply the means of cultivating her extraordinary talent. She acquired the rudiments of instruction from Garcia, surnamed Spagnoletto, and pursued her farther studies under the celebrated Porpora. The prince, her patron, often gave concerts in his house to afford his friends an opportunity of hearing her wonderful strains; and nothing else was soon talked of in all Rome but Gabrielli's little cook, *Cochetta di Gabrielli*—a name which she ever afterwards retained.

After Catherine had made her *début* at Lucca in 1747, in Galuppi's *Sophonisba*, as *prima donna*, with the most brilliant success, and almost eclipsed the fame of the highly vaunted Guadagni, and sung at several other theatres of Italy, she appeared in 1750 in Metastasio's *Dido* at Naples, where she transported the audience with the celebrated air, *Son regina e sono amante*, and fully established her claim to the high reputation which she had acquired. Metastasio himself could not rest till he had engaged her to go to Vienna, where he gave her instructions in declamation, while Francis I. appointed her first singer to his court, and never went to the theatre but when she was to perform. Fortune, however, had gradually rendered her arrogant; and her capricious temper, and the giddy levity of her character, drew upon her many mortifications. Once in particular, during her residence at Vienna, she so exasperated the French ambassador, who was her warm admirer, that he would have run her through the body with his sword, and did actually wound her slightly. It was not long, however, be-

fore he repented of his violence: he threw himself at the feet of his mistress and implored her pardon, which she at length granted, on condition that the sword which had inflicted the wound should be given up to her. Gabrielli now took it into her head that she would preserve the weapon as a trophy, and have this inscription engraved upon it:—*The sword of M.* ——, *who presumed to wound Gabrielli with it, the* —— *in the year* ——. The person who contrived to divert her from this intention, and to procure the restitution of the sword to the ambassador, was no other than Metastasio.

From Vienna, where she made immense sums by her professional talents, Gabrielli repaired in 1765 to Palermo, where she experienced a reception not less enthusiastic than she had met with in other places. The viceroy of Sicily once gave a grand entertainment, to which she was invited. It was considerably past the appointed hour, and no Gabrielli made her appearance. At length the viceroy dispatched one of his pages, to inform her that the company had been some time waiting for her. The messenger found her reading quite unconcernedly in bed. In spite of all his persuasions, she persisted in her determination not to quit her apartment. In the evening, indeed, she appeared at the theatre, and sung, but only *sotto voce* and very carelessly. This was a second affront to the viceroy. The first he might have overlooked; but now he sent her word, that in case she persisted in singing otherwise than in her usual manner, he would punish her with imprisonment. To the person who brought this message, she returned for answer, "The viceroy may make me scream perhaps, but it is not in his power to make me sing." After her next performance she was actually conducted to prison, but treated there as a person of distinguished rank. During the twelve days of her confinement she gave grand entertainments, paid the debts of all the persons imprisoned on that account, and distributed large sums in charity. Every evening she assembled the whole of the prisoners, and with the utmost affability sung them the most select compositions. Her auditors were so transported, that many of them, whose debts were already paid, would not quit the prison, converted by Gabrielli's liberality and syren strains into a paradise, as long as she remained in it. At length the viceroy was obliged to yield to the wish of the public; and when Gabrielli quitted the prison, she was received at the gate by a multitude of the poor, who escorted her home in triumph.

At Petersburg, where Gabrielli resided for several years subsequent to 1768, she acquired great celebrity, receiving extraordinary honours, and enjoying the special protection of the Empress Catherine. With a cargo of diamonds, and a pocket-book full of bills of exchange, she returned to Italy; and being now in possession of a yearly income of 20,000 francs, she might have retired from the stage had she pleased, but her vanity would not permit her. In 1777, when she was approaching near to her fiftieth year, she sung at Venice in the theatre of San Benedetto with Pacchiarotti. Upon the

latter, a man of the highest professional experience, she made so profound an impression, that the very first time she sung with him he gave himself up for lost. She began with a *bravura* particularly adapted to her voice, in which she displayed such skill, that Pacchiarotti, quite beside himself, ran behind the scenes, crying, *Povero me! povero me! questa è un portento!*—"Ah, wretched me! wretched me! this is indeed a prodigy." It was with difficulty that the singer was prevailed upon to return to the stage; he then executed a tender air, addressed to Gabrielli, with such pathos that she herself and the whole audience were deeply affected. Marchesi was the only performer, who, in the year 1780, at Milan, was thought in some measure to counterbalance her talents. He sung in the same manner as Gabrielli; and the public espoused the cause of the two performers with such zeal, that there was nothing but hissing, hooting, and clapping at the theatre, and nothing but squabbles in the streets and in the coffee-houses. From this period Gabrielli retired to Rome with her sister Anna, who had accompanied her in all her travels, and acted the second parts. It is remarkable that she never could be induced to visit England. "On the London stage," she used to say, "I could not sing, or rather not according to my fancy; the people would hiss me, or perhaps knock me on the head, and I would rather sleep with whole bones, even if it were in a prison."

Gabrielli's voice was equally extraordinary with respect to compass and flexibility. None but a very skilful violin-player could execute her airs as she sung them; and at the same she was an excellent actress. She every where enjoyed the highest consideration. She lived and travelled in an expensive style, and had always a numerous retinue of servants. Her fame resounded throughout all Italy, and her name became proverbial. Of a person who made a great show of wealth, or set up extravagant pretensions, it became customary to say, *Che è? la Gabrielli?*—"Who is that? A Gabrielli?" Notwithstanding her caprice and inconsistency, Gabrielli possessed a good heart; and wherever she was, she marked her stay by acts of beneficence and by kindness to the poor. She provided, like a dutiful daughter, for her parents, and her brother received an excellent education at her expense. In society she was agreeable, intelligent, and not rarely original. At home, as well as on the stage, she affected the princess; and her general demeanour bespoke these claims. She was a mortal enemy to avarice, which she sometimes took occasion to reprove in a delicate manner. Thus, for example, being one day visited by a Florentine of distinction, a pin in her dress caught one of his ruffles, which was torn before it could be released. The accident seemed to vex the owner extremely. Gabrielli remarked his displeasure, and next day sent him six bottles of Spanish wine, the corks of which were composed of expensive Flanders lace. At Rome she led a very regular life, and frequently gave concerts,

but seldom sung herself. Her house was frequented by the principal nobility of both sexes. She died, universally esteemed, in 1796, in consequence of a neglected cold.

MISCELLANIES.

Plate 14.—SENTIMENTAL TRAVELS TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

LETTER III.

No sooner had I effected my escape from the music-room, than I called the landlord and acquainted him with the extraordinary conversation which I had had with the ladies. Instead of being surprised at the subject of it, he only wondered at my astonishment. "What!" said he, fixing his eyes stedfastly upon me, "have you not come to this place to benefit by the doctor's advice?"—I shook my head, and confessed without reserve that I had never heard a word of this wonderful man till just before in his concert-room.—"You never heard of him, say you? impossible! Where can you have been then all this while, sir? Gracious heavens! in what profound retirement you must have lived! How extraordinary! if there was a time when people might with ease get rid of all their ailments corporeal and mental, it is the present:—and yet you were on the point of departing from the world, like a benighted heathen, without having heard a syllable concerning this new light! Well; thank your stars that you are here! But to which of our wonder-working doctors do you intend to apply?"—"What do you mean, landlord? Have you more than one here?"

Instead of a reply, which he was unable to bring out for laughing, he held up both his hands, to denote that there were as many as he had fingers. I can't tell you how frightened I was. I took from my waistcoat pocket in the utmost anxiety the card with which one of the young ladies had favoured me.

"That is the right one!" said he, as soon as he had cast his eye upon it. "That man possesses energies within himself, while the others are obliged to have recourse for theirs to a clear-sighted, sleeping female."

Is this man mad? said I to myself, or is it I that have lost my senses? Meanwhile he turned away from me and left me standing in this uncertainty. My poor head was in the utmost confusion. I clapped my hand to my brow, and repeated all the high sounding technical terms which I had brought with me from the music-room; but to whom was I to look for a clear explanation of them?—To whom but the landlord? Let him, thought I, charge me in his bill for the loss of time I shall occasion him; and away I posted to him a second time.

A capon was just pouring forth its dying strains in his hands when I found him, and requested him to explain a little more precisely the meaning of *disorganization*. He settled the business of the scream-

ing biped before he was pleased, with the most polite condescension, to express his pity for my ignorance. The man must certainly associate much with the literati of this city, for his ideas were as profound as his language was clear. In truth, I have never met with any thing in print on this subject more satisfactory than his explanation. The best of it was, that he hit upon a most apposite example to confirm and illustrate what he said. For heads dull of apprehension like mine, this is a matter of no small importance.

"You must have heard," said he, after a few preliminary observations, which were too general for my purpose, "of the celebrated Father Mabillon?"—How well this question became him in his cook's apron, I leave you to judge for yourself.

"Certainly," I replied. "He is considered, I believe, as the first classic author in the diplomatic line."

"The same!" said the landlord. "Well, sir, what think you? This man in his younger years was the veriest dolt under the sun; he had scarcely understanding sufficient to learn the catechism. One day, however, owing to his natural awkwardness, he tumbled down stairs and pitched right upon his head. The worse luck! said his mother when she picked him up and found that he was alive. He was carried to bed in a state of insensibility, and his family awaited with trembling the first burst of his frenzy. From the nature of the fall the boy could not fail to be delirious: but only conceive their astonishment when his phantasies were found to display a thousand times more intellect than he had ever shewn in his sober senses! The shock which his weak head had sustained, produced in it the most luminous ideas. The most abstract sciences were now no more than play to him. He understood without difficulty the most confused works. In a word, this boy, who, till he fell upon his head, was stupidity personified, afterwards became one of the brightest genuises of his age. Now, sir, as this example proves, things which derange a well-constituted head, may produce a contrary effect on one deficient in intellect: and upon this analogy and this foundation I believe the theory of disorganization and animal magnetism to be built.—But, sir, I must beg you to be satisfied with thus much for the present, I have a good deal to do in the house and kitchen, and to provide for the numerous strangers who have all resorted hither for the benefit of this cure. To-morrow you will be better able to comprehend what now seems so unintelligible."

I crept almost as much stupified as Mabillon to my solitary apartment, and sunk, in a dejected mood, into my arm-chair. While I have been living among my books in an ideal world, said I to myself, what a revolution has taken place in the material one! Deeply ashamed of my ignorance, I determined the very next day to employ all possible means to raise myself above it, and to seek the acquaintance of such an extraordinary physician, who seemed to perform infinitely greater wonders than my Bruchsal doctor. With this fixed resolution I retired to rest, and with it I awoke

in the morning. In the interim, it is true, my long-accustomed incredulity frequently presumed to raise its head; but as the time was so short before all my doubts were to be cleared up, I found no great difficulty in pacifying it again.

With the curiosity of an American, and the anxious expectation of an invalid, I left my inn about eight o'clock, without injuring my sobriety by breakfast of any kind, and my written direction guided me without trouble to the habitation of the prophet.

A symbolical ring, like a curling serpent, the emblem of eternity, formed the knocker of the door. Scarcely had I touched it with trembling hand, when I was admitted by a man-servant, who led me with quick step but silent as death, from one Egyptian corridor to another, first up stairs and then down—when all at once I stood in a lighted apartment before the bed of the prophet. The servant conducted me to an arm-chair, placed in such a manner that my face was exactly opposite to his, at the distance of about two yards. Thus I came, without being aware of it, *en rapport* with him, and the remarkable dialogue commenced. As it was the first conversation I ever had with a somniloquist, I felt rather awkward, and stammered and blushed over and over again at the most innocent expressions.

At the time when I had handsome white teeth in my head, sparkling eyes, rosy cheeks, and cut rather a better figure than at present, I could speak boldly to kings and princes without being dazzled by their greatness:—but then, they could see no clearer than myself, and were no prophets. They could never operate so powerfully upon me but what—during the lowest obeisance that I made to them, and the supercilious nod that I received, or perhaps did not receive, in return—I said to myself, The tricks of two puppets, neither of which is composed of better materials than the other. They could not prevent me from snatching in idea the sceptre from their hands, and tearing the ermine from their backs, to examine whether their carcases were not more crazy than my own. This sublime mortal, on the contrary, at whose feet I now sat, I might strip as I pleased; still he appeared to me, if he were not an impostor, to be nothing less than a god; and my puny spirit trembled before his.

"Sir," I began, stammering, "you see—here"—and stopped, because while I pronounced the words, the idea of seeing and that of sleeping clashed so egregiously, that, according to ordinary calculation, arrant nonsense must have been the result.

The sleeping seer, however, left me not long in this embarrassment. "I know you!" said he—and would you believe it?—he actually mentioned my christian and surname. Now I was certain that I had not been thus circumstantial concerning myself either at the gate of the city or at my inn, and was therefore not a little confounded by this proof of his knowledge. But when he answered the second question that my faltering tongue ventured to propose with the same clearness—"You quitted your study in the incredulous city of Berlin, and you have done well;—the southern

sun of France will cheer and invigorate you"—my hair fairly stood on end. I nevertheless mustered all my wits about me to devise a question that should not bring disgrace on incredulous Berlin. Conscious of my sunken eye and my emaciated cheek, I said to myself—That man must see clearly indeed who can discover my age:—I asked him therefore on what day and at what hour I was born; and to my consternation he mentioned both most precisely, with the addition of a circumstance to which I was myself hitherto a stranger, and which could be known only to spirits capable of discovering at a glance the most intricate combinations of the universe.

"Stranger," said he, "according to our erroneous computation, you were born on the 15th day of the last month of the year 1747, in the very same hour and minute that numerous daggers, guided by Fate, expelled the cruel soul of Nadir Shah from his gigantic body, and exiled it to the small frail receptacle of yours, where it does sufficient penance for all its misdeeds."

Pythagoras himself could scarcely have produced a more rational or convincing argument in behalf of the transmigration of souls than this fact, which neither my register nor my feelings were able to confute. "Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed I, in a lamentable tone—"the soul of an eastern tyrant—in the emaciated body of a Prussian subject! From such a heterogeneous composition indeed, a happy being cannot possibly be produced. At any rate, it is no fault of mine. If the soul has formerly done amiss, let it suffer for it! Punishment enough, in being now confined within a consumptive body, and being obliged to creep with this clog through the ante-chambers of people to whom it would at one time perhaps have scarcely entrusted the care of the Seraglio!"

After some reflection, however, I so far recovered from the shock of this distressing intelligence as to be able to look back at the many happy days which, in spite of my discordant composition, I knew for certain that I had enjoyed. I could not but feel considerable astonishment that emotions, which ought to be the reward of virtue only, should be imparted to a soul so justly punished. I determined to defer the farther consideration of this weighty objection till another time, as my present business was to learn how to recover those emotions, rather than to ascertain the cause of their former existence and of their loss. "Worthy doctor!" I exclaimed, "by what means can I—if not do away with—at least mitigate this severe punishment?"—and I knew not myself, at the moment, whether it was the Asiatic spirit or the Prussian body that spoke. "Nothing but hearty laughter," was his oracular answer, "can afford you relief."

Never were high expectations more completely disappointed than mine by this reply. I was in a manner petrified by his recommendation of such a common domestic remedy, as I looked for nothing less than some supernatural specific. As soon as I had collected myself a little, the following question naturally suggested itself:—"But, dear doctor, as nothing in nature now produces a beneficial

effect on my unsusceptible frame, where and how shall such a miserable dejected creature seek and find those emotions of joy which you prescribe for him?"—The genuine spirit of prophecy dictated this answer: "A treasure awaits the invalid whom Nadir's spirit animates, and sportive mirth shall offer him consolation, when the noontide hour shall exalt him ninety-nine steps above our city."

My perplexity had now reached the highest pitch. Folding my hands, I exclaimed with extreme emotion, "Divine doctor! behold the fetters of my earthly body! How shall I be able to raise myself above the foggy atmosphere of this city?" I was far from conceiving at the moment, that the solution of this problem was as easy as it appeared to be after this explanatory answer: "By the ninety-nine steps of its lofty church-tower." Well, thought I, that is quite as explicit as could possibly be expected from a prophet; and what still more distinguishes this prediction from all others is, that noon, the time of its fulfilment, is near at hand. Bending low before my physician, I asked one more question, according to my ideas, of little importance, whether he discovered any thing else in me that was unknown to myself?

His face suddenly became inflamed, and he evidently looked down with contempt on that knowledge of myself with which my secret pride sought to deceive me. "Yes," said he, "I see a spot in the spiritual part of you—a black, prominent trait of the soul of Nadir Shah." My quivering lips strove to speak, but the dreadful tidings deprived them of the power of giving utterance to the intended question. He nevertheless answered it. "Know and curse your cruelty. In the evening of the Sabbath of this week, you gave up a poor girl, who had lost her way, to be a prey to the wolves. Did you not? —No soul but that of a tyrant could have formed such a misanthropic resolution—no tongue but that of a monster could have pronounced it."

This severe reproach wounded my pride beyond measure. "Holy prophet!" I exclaimed with a firm tone, "if the poor creature fell a prey to the wolves, it was far from being my intention that she should. Fate has misunderstood the innocent words which I uttered." At the same time my conscience began to raise its voice: Are those innocent words which spring from ill temper and a hard heart? Did I not deny the distressed creature that protection which she solicited of me, wholly regardless of the consequences of my refusal? Alas! little did I imagine that they would be so melancholy.

During this painful soliloquy, in which I was silently absorbed, the important minutes rolled on in which I was permitted to be *en rapport* with the great prophet, and which, to my everlasting regret, I suffered to pass away so unprofitably. The next words that I heard from his lips were, "I will awake." The servant instantaneously opened the door and dismissed me, not without exhibiting something wonderful on his part, for he refused a ducat which I would have slipped into his hand as a token of acknowledgment.

O my dear Edward, what would have become of me, had I been permitted to continue longer in the sacred atmosphere of this extraordinary being! I was already sensible of a change, a contradiction in my previous way of thinking, which must, I am convinced, have given me the silliest look in the world. So absorbed was I with self, that I blundered along, heedless of every other object. Sometimes I raised my eyes, at others my hands towards heaven, and at length, overpowered by a torrent of sensations, reclined against a lamp-post, where I talked so loud to myself, that the Prince de Rohan, who was passing at the time in his carriage, accompanied, as I believe, by his physician, ordered the coachman to stop, and surveyed me with astonishment. But such an experience as I had just gained, exalts the soul to too great an elevation, for the paltry considerations of decorum to make any impression upon it.

With a face glowing like fire I entered my inn: mine host, with inquisitive looks, came to meet me, but I could only press his hand in silence. I beckoned to my John, who was waiting for me on the staircase, to follow me to my room: I motioned him to leave it again, and sunk, as if struck by apoplexy, into my arm-chair. Incapable of describing to you what was meanwhile passing in my mind, I recollect only that my head was engaged in gloomy dreams and profound reveries, when the clock striking twelve, roused me as if to judgment. I sprang from my seat, snatched up my cane and hat, and hastened to witness the wonders that awaited me at the cathedral.

THE INDULGENT HUSBAND.

Mr. EDITOR,

THE pleasure of complaint, which always in some degree lightens our sufferings, is one reason of my addressing you; but a still stronger one is, the hope that my example may be of use to others. I remained unmarried till I had attained my fortieth year, not from dislike to the state, but because I had never seen a woman whom I thought exactly calculated to render me happy. Chance at length threw in my way a young creature, who was apparently wholly unexceptionable in every respect but age. Emily, for that was her name, was but just seventeen; she joined to all the artlessness of her age those qualities of which I had been so long in search; frank, generous, unaffected, and possessed of good though not brilliant talents, I had no doubt, from the education I knew she had received, that she would make an excellent wife, and, without taking time to study her disposition, I offered myself to her acceptance. She readily consented to give me her hand, and in a few weeks from our first acquaintance we were united.

The ingenuous timidity of my Emily, her excessive sweetness of temper, and her perfect artlessness, soon gave her an unlimited power over my heart. I studied even to anticipate her wishes; and

I may truly say, I valued my fortune only as the means of adding to her felicity.

Unfortunately for both of us, my love shewed itself in an excess of indulgence, which had the most pernicious consequences. Our marriage had introduced Emily to a higher circle than she was before accustomed to; she had not, it is true, any taste for expensive pleasures, those she formerly enjoyed were of the simplest nature; and the transition from a plain and regular mode of life to the glare and hurry of the *haut ton*, at first annoyed rather than pleased her. Her most intimate friend, a woman of high fashion, assured her that it was the style of life always pursued by people of a *certain set*. "But," replied Emily, "it does not conduce to my happiness."—"My dear friend," cried Lady ——, "you must not indulge such selfish ideas; instead of thinking of your own happiness, you must endeavour to find it in forming that of others. Consider the claims society has upon you: your wealth, your talents, your accomplishments, are not in fact your own, they should all be exerted to add to the enjoyments of your friends. No, my love," continued her ladyship, with a most sentimental air, "people of our rank must not think of living for themselves."

My poor Emily had too little confidence in her own judgment to think of opposing her tastes and inclinations to what she was told were her duties. She expressed, however, a wish to refer the matter to me; but Lady —— persuaded her that such a step would be entirely contrary to rule, and consequently the idea was given up, and the same routine of dissipation and extravagance continued.

But you will naturally inquire what I was about all this time. In truth, Mr. Editor, I severely blame myself for not having, by a timely exertion of the authority of a husband, prevented the wreck of my domestic peace; but I was dazzled by the admiration which my wife's charms universally excited, and vain of the possession of so lovely a creature, I was not disposed to tear her abruptly from gaieties to which I believed a few months would put an end.

But when, at the expiration of a year after my marriage, I found that, in spite of gentle remonstrances, my wife's habits of expense and dissipation, far from being discontinued, increased, and that, ample as my fortune was, I lived at the rate of three times my income, I began to think that I had sacrificed quite sufficiently to *les usages du beau monde*. I was, besides, seriously hurt to see that my blooming unaffected Emily had—thanks to the vigils of the card-table—exchanged her natural for artificial roses, and her *naïveté* and good-humour for overstrained vivacity or excessive languor.

I represented firmly, but with gentleness, both the folly of the course we were pursuing, and our inability to continue it; and informed Emily she must immediately prepare to accompany me to our seat in Devonshire. She opposed me only with her tears, and I was weak enough to give credit to her solemn protestations, that I should have no cause to complain in future. You will judge how well

she has kept her word, when I inform you, that at the expiration of three years I found she had involved me to such an amount, I had no other means to extricate myself than by retiring to the country, and parting with my town house, equipage, and several of my domestics.

I soon found, that although I carried with me the person of my Emily, her heart remained in London. Her disposition was too sweet to shew either sullenness or ill-humour, but she was evidently a prey to languor and *ennui*.

For some time I was so occupied with looking over tradesmen's bills, and devising means to pay them (an employment which is certainly not calculated to sweeten the temper), that we met only at meals, and for the rest of the day my wife was left to her own resources for amusement. I soon became alarmed when I found, that instead of regaining her health and bloom, she grew thinner and paler every day. At first I attributed her dejection to the weather; it was the latter end of winter, and more than usually bleak and dreary; and as I cast my eyes on the leafless trees, and ground covered with snow, I thought the scene might have thrown a temporary depression over spirits more elastic, and a mind better regulated, than those of my poor Emily; but when I saw that spring arrived without causing any favourable change either in her health or spirits, my alarm became serious; I called in the best medical advice, and remained with my wife almost constantly.

It was now that for the first time I perceived Emily was a martyr to indolence. This baleful foible, while it prevented her from the enjoyment of air and exercise out of doors, rendered her also incapable of sedentary amusements. I prevailed upon a distant relation of mine, an amiable and highly accomplished woman, to pass some time with us; I knew my wife had received an excellent education, and I hoped that when she had an agreeable female companion, her harp, her pencil, and her books, would fill up pleasantly those hours she might now be said literally to doze away. Had I pursued this plan at the commencement of our union, I might have succeeded. Alas! it is now too late; the habits of dissipation, in which I foolishly suffered her to indulge, have co-operated with her natural indolence, in giving her a decided disgust to any pursuit which requires the least application; while the luxury with which she has so long been surrounded, makes the pure and simple pleasures still within her reach appear perfectly insipid.

As her heart is naturally good, I hoped that she might find both employment and amusement in those benevolent exertions for which we have still the means. She willingly bestows upon the poor pecuniary relief, and listens with some degree of interest and pleasure to any plan that is likely to ameliorate their condition, but she cannot bring herself to take any personal trouble in the cause of humanity.

When I see her cold, languid, and in general silent, and that no tenderness or attention of mine, no sprightly sally or sensible remark of my cousin, has power to rouse her for a moment from this state of torpor, my feelings almost

overpower my reason, and I am tempted at any risk to suffer her to return to those scenes from which I had such strong reasons to withdraw her. Happy would it have been for us both, had I, instead of contenting myself with the certainty that she was good, sensible, and lovely, taken time to study her character. The knowledge of this foible would have steeled my heart effectually to her attractions, and I should have escaped the misery of uniting myself to a woman whose many amiable qualities are rendered useless by one fault, which effectually destroys both my happiness and her own. Excuse, sir, my having troubled you with this long detail, and if you think the subject of it worthy your attention, present it in any form you please to the readers of your elegant and truly moral publication. I am, sir, your very humble servant, R—— T——.

ON THE SUPERIORITY OF THE PAINTER'S FEELINGS.

To lead the eye to Nature, and unfold
What wonders there the favour'd few behold.——SHEE.

To indulge in the contemplation of the pure scenes of pastoral nature, to pore over the near and distant landscape, and to watch the gradations of light and shade on the surrounding scenery, have ever been the highest enjoyment of those on whom Providence has lavished the luxury of intellect. The beauty of a clear or rather a variegated horizon, the steady and silent current of a quiet stream rippling over a pebbly bottom, however dangerously palliative they may prove to a mind ill at ease, are even productive of practical benefit to that being who enjoys and is willing to dispense the many favours bestowed on him by a bounteous Creator. A sunny sky, the varieties of hill and dale combined with the charms of novelty, give an elasticity to our limbs, and impart the appearance of joy to our countenances; and if the common observer of the weather finds not the whole of his frame thrilled with delight, he yet feels that enjoyment which a louring sky or dripping trees, though invested with all the charms of novelty, fail to excite in his bosom. I contend, that the luxury of pleasing emotion which the lover of Nature feels in the contemplation of her grand or serene exhibitions, to be as far superior to that of the greeting of a hundred persons in a drawing-room, ycleped friends, as the air which we breathe in the former to that of the latter situation. This I am aware has been said and sung over and over again, until the truth of it, however assented to with the lips of numbers, has been unacknowledged by their conduct: yet as some preface of this kind is necessary to my paper, perhaps I may be pardoned for running in the same track as those moralists who, from Addison to Drake, have written before me.

If then these pleasures, so universally confessed to be real ones, impart a gladness to the most common capacities, how much more must they exhilarate and enlighten the soul of the poet and the

painter! The most feeble practitioner in the arts sees a thousand beauties in the most common scenery, which the vulgar traveller strides over unconsciously; and when the common man greets his fellow with "A charming day!" he only means, that the sun is warmer at his back, that vegetation is arrayed in its gaudiest colours, or perhaps he acknowledges the charms of the morning by striving to out-whistle the sparrow in the hedge; and he is pleased with the weather, as it enables him to walk without his great-coat, his thick shoes, or his umbrella. But to the artist a green lane, not burnished by the mid-day sun, but dimly lit with his rising or setting glory, the shadows of the trees thrown across its many ruts, the distant gate, the cottage in a dell, with its blue curling smoke; or, as he mounts the slight ascent, a distant spire peeping between trees and backed by hills, in unison or *keeping* with the blue horizon—the road-side clump of earth, on which a red-waistcoated rustic reposes and breaks the fore-ground—an irregular piece of transparent water, with a decayed or vegetative trunk stretching across it, and its strong reflected form in the glass beneath—the lengthened shadows of eve—the clearing of a misty morn—or the preparation of Nature for her repose in twilight and in night—possess greater charms for the enthusiast—and every painter or poet is one more or less—than all the prismatic hues thrown from a hundred lustres, and forming the splendour even of an *Arabian Night*. "While Gainsborough," says his biographer, "resided at his native village, Nature was his teacher, and the woods of Suffolk his academy; there he would pass in solitude his mornings in making sketches of an antiquated tree, a marshy brook, a few cattle, a shepherd and his flock, or any other objects which struck his fancy." It is not, I think, too much to say, that during this employment, and at this period of his life, his feelings were as pure and as serene as the landscape he was sketching. At that time he drew for pleasure alone, and then all the emotions arising from disappointed patronage, or the fears of cold neglect, were neither thought of nor heeded. Men who pass their time in wooing the Muses, or courting the sylvan deities, often feel themselves constrained in the drawing-room; and thus their manners are not found to glitter with that polish and small-talk which others possess who have not made Nature their study. The former have not had time to achieve those arrangements that are made at the toilet, nor have they learned the thousand unmeaning things, which please from their flattery, and which perhaps are not the result of real courtesy. But Nature, simple unsophisticated Nature, thy charms are sought after even by the votaries of dissipation, but to no purpose: because they bring not with them those pure manners which are the only admissions to thy altar, their offerings are rejected; yet they would woo thee in the ruin, on the sparkling ocean, and on the evening promenade. For this are Bath, Brighton, and Cheltenham visited; while the charms of novelty pass for the fascinations of the true goddess. Soon

the former leaves them, and they hasten to other scenes, to court the breeze in the crowded ball-room, or enjoy the rays of an autumnal sun, mocking the yellow trees and paltry adornments of a concert-room or a theatre.

To the artist, to the painter, or the poet, one spot, under all the variations of light and shade, presents a constant, never-failing picture. The valley, the fore-ground, and the distance, which were lit up by the morning sun, at even glow with another charm; they form another study; they vary as the sun tinges the horizon or recedes from the eye, until the whole outline is melted into vapour. It is at such periods as these that the most luxurious feelings revel in my bosom; it is the morning's dawn that yields this pure delight —a delight which the last gleams of a retiring sun can only equal. I revel in a new day, I enjoy the birth of morn; but my most grateful aspirations are breathed in the repose of silence, and the dusk of evening.

If the annexed descriptive poetry possess any merit, it is because I have delineated my scene immediately from Nature. Girtin and Gainsborough, Varley and Turner, have tinted their sketches on the spot where they were taken; and the following effusion claims no other notice, than as an attempt to pen a scene with that fidelity which Nature has offered to my notice.

A SKETCH OF AUTUMN.—Malvern.

Morning Dawn.

I like to see the early morning's dawn,
Flick'ring in black and white, prepared to burst—
To shew the light, by darkest hues upborne,
And see the flaming sun shine out at first.
I love not when, in gay and gaudy scenes,
A burnish'd landscape shocks my aching sight;
Nor Summer, all alike its varnish'd greens,
In one proud holiday of mirth seems dight:
For then I cannot woo, well pleased, the Muse I ween,
When all alike is in one flaunting picture seen.

I like to see the mist-top mountains lost
In rolling clouds, nor yet their heads display;
I like to see the dawn by vapours cross'd,
And then I like to see those mists all roll away;
And then the saffron hue much glads my heart,
(And who will purest pleasures e'er gainsay?)
See melting hues of amethyst depart:—
But few will rise to view the break of day;
Let others slumber on, 'tis naught to me,
If Nature's beauties they nor love, nor care to see.

How still, how lovely is the morning hour,
While not one breath of air sweeps idle trees!
Yet new-woke freshness breathes a balmy pow'r,
And gives a kiss, and almost wakes a breeze.
The gold horizon now is lit with red;
And flapping ravens whirl, a murky crowd;
E'en now the robin at my footsteps fled,
And twitt'ring throstles vent their matins loud:
Yet not in cadence long, but first essay a note,
Chirrup by starts, then stop, then trills each warbling throat.

Alone I wander by the dusky plain,
Where yet some yellow leaves the branches own,
With auburn tints bedight, nor soon again
Shall vernal breezes them with verdure crown:
In eddies roll the crisped leaves along
The ploughshare's rut, or sweep the dew-moist vale,
When wakes the storm, until a moisture's wrung
From clouds—no more they flutter in the gale:
Yet Autumn's hues paint many a charm for me,
And richest beauties in its dawn and fall I see.

Sleep on, my love, in idle fancies bless'd;
Your Edwin leaves you for the scented vale,
To woo the goddess Health, while dowhy rest
Shall lull thy senses in a soft regale:
For early breeze for thee too chilly seems,
While Sol defers to dry the vapours blue;
And ladies like not, that their morning dreams
Should be distraught from themes they would pursue:
For when the sun's quite risen from Thetis' bed,
Dreams wholly undisturb'd come true, 'tis said.

Here let me sit, this landscape all my own,
And this small spot a little world to me;
While poets' visions shall my senses crown,
My pen shall tell of all I hear or see.
Then come, Euphrosyne, with dimpled smile,
The while some merry lay proclaims my joy;
But, Penseroso, more my time beguile—
No other power shall yet my pen employ.
I see my peopled world—in airy crowds they rush:
For visions such as these, the painter joys in Autumn's blush.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

MESSRS. D'Auberval and Preville had been at law for more than ten years about a small estate, which, as they were both rich, was not in a pecuniary sense an object to either of them, but each conceived himself in the right, and pride made him prefer all the vexations of a tedious and expensive litigation, to a resignation of his claim.

Chance, however, brought the matter to an amicable conclusion. The carriages of Madame Preville and Madame D'Auberval happened to meet in a street so narrow that there was no possibility of their proceeding together. Madame D'Auberval, though she was hurrying to a *fête*, had so high a sense of what was due to her own dignity, that she determined to remain till midnight rather than yield precedence to Madame Preville; who had, however, a right to take it, but as she had not a particle of pride in her composition, she ordered her coachman to yield the pass. Madame D'Auberval had not, however, proceeded twenty yards, when, through some accident happening to the wheel, her carriage was overturned.

Madame D'Auberval, though not hurt, was greatly terrified, and her screams brought Madame Preville immediately to her assistance: she displayed so much concern for the accident, that Madame D'Auberval, who had a good heart though a weak head, forgot the hatred she had so long cherished against all who bore the name of Preville, and thought only of devising some means of securing the friendship of one whom she felt inclined to love.

After considering the subject in every possible shape, a project presented itself which promised to accomplish all she wished: this was, to unite the families by the marriage of her eldest daughter and Monsieur Perville's only son, a youth of considerable promise, and in every respect a suitable match for the young lady.

No sooner did this idea present itself, than Madame D'Auberval hastened to communicate it to her husband: not to ask his consent; she would have thought that a very

unnecessary compliment, but to induce him to enter into a negociation with the family of M. Preville directly.

Although his understanding was much superior to that of his wife, M. D'Auberval had hitherto, partly from affection and partly from indolence, conceded every point to her; but he felt on this occasion an inclination to rebel, for the first time, against her sovereign authority: however, a plentiful shower of tears, some tender reproaches, and a declaration that her happiness depended upon the match, conquered his reluctance. He caused a common friend to intimate his wishes to M. Preville, who eagerly closed with them. Every thing was speedily arranged for the marriage of the young people, and when all was settled, they were made acquainted with the intentions of their parents.

Adelaide D'Auberval received the news with a mixture of pleasure and apprehension: she longed to quit her convent, and enter a world which her vivid fancy represented in the most alluring colours; but she could enter it only as a wife, and she naturally shrunk from the idea of bestowing her hand upon a man whom she had never seen.

Louis Preville was not less adverse to the match, though from different motives; he was naturally of an amiable disposition, but the excessive indulgence of his parents had spoiled him in some degree: gay, lively, and dissipated, if he thought of marriage at all, it was merely as of an event that might happen at some time or other at a very remote period; but to wear the fetters of Hymen at twenty-one, light as *les usages du beau monde* of Paris had rendered them, was in his opinion insupportable.

He contested the point therefore very warmly with both his parents, but he found his father on this point so arbitrary, that making a merit of necessity, he submitted with the best grace he could to what was unavoidable. The nuptials were celebrated with much splendour. The uncommon beauty of his bride struck Preville with admiration, but soon finding her as he thought a mere automaton, he returned without scruple to this former pursuits, and left her to amuse herself as she pleased.

This opinion was, however, exceedingly unjust: Adelaide was possessed of great sensibility, she was also naturally frank and vivacious; but she was scarcely seventeen, and from the age of eleven she had never quitted her convent; of course she knew nothing of the world, and her excessive humility, by making her painfully sensible of her own deficiencies, gave an air of constraint to her manner, which robbed it of its natural grace; as well as a frigid gravity to her countenance, which sat ill upon features whose predominant expression was openness and vivacity.

Some months passed, the indifference of Preville continued unalterable, but his liveliness, good-humour, and uncommon personal graces, made a deep impression upon the heart of his innocent wife.

Among the acquaintance whom Adelaide had formed upon her marriage was Madame Monvers, a widow, who joined great penetration to uncommon good-nature.

Without exactly making this lady her confidante, Adelaide had often lamented to her that timidity and constraint which every day seemed to increase. Madame Monvers had frequently observed with surprise, that Adelaide, so lively, so ingenuous when *tête-à-tête* with her, was a mere statue in the midst of a crowded circle. She had tried, but vainly, to inspire her with a little self-confidence, for she was convinced, that if Preville once saw her in her natural character, his heart would be forced to do justice to her charms. Adelaide had some romance in her disposition, and when madame found remonstrances were vain, she depended upon it for the success of a plan which she formed to insure her young friend's happiness.

A female fortune-teller made at that time a considerable noise in Paris; Adelaide heard all her female acquaintance talk of this woman's skill, and she one day half-jestingly expressed to Madame Monvers a desire to consult her. Madame Monvers affected to disbelieve the wonderful stories which were told of this woman, but at the same time she took care to relate others still more wonderful; and Madame Preville left her with an intention of visiting the fortune-teller the next day. She had asked her friend to accompany her, but Madame Monvers excused herself under pretence of business, and taking with her only an old domestic in whom she could confide, she proceeded to the house of the fortune-teller.

Leaving her servant in an antechamber, she entered the apartment of the sibyl with some degree of trepidation; she saw a tall fine figure very strangely habited, whose commanding and noble air struck her with admiration. We shall not detail to our fair readers the sorceress's dress or apparatus; suffice it to say, that nothing had been omitted likely to make an impression on a youthful mind.

After the sibyl had consulted her books with great solemnity, she described to Madame Preville her situation and the state of her mind so truly, that Adelaide, unable to restrain her feelings, burst into tears.

"Do not weep, madam," cried the sibyl respectfully; "in revealing to you that I am acquainted with your sorrows, I am actuated only by a desire to banish them for ever."

Adelaide shook her head incredulously.

"Nay, madam, have I not just given you a proof of my skill?"

"I acknowledge it; but, alas! it is not in your power to render me insensible to those sufferings which pride obliges me to conceal!"

"But I can make the heart of your husband as susceptible as your own."

"Impossible!"

"You shall be convinced of the contrary, madam, if you will obey my directions; you shall soon see this ingrate at your feet."

Adelaide, who was extremely religious, sighed and made no reply. She wished to consult Madame Monvers before she gave an answer to this strange proposal, and she continued silent for some minutes, during which her irresolution did not escape the sibyl.

"I perceive," cried she, "that

prejudice opposes your acceptance of my services; you fear that the happiness I should bestow upon you might be the gift of a demon. Banish, I beseech you, madam, such groundless apprehensions: it is true that my knowledge of the secrets of nature has enabled me to subject to my power the genii who are friendly to mankind, but I solemnly assure you I hold communion with no others; and if you reflect for a moment, you will be convinced, that to draw closer the bonds which unite a married couple, is not the office of an evil spirit."

"Tell me," cried Adelaide in a hesitating voice, "what I am to do."

"You have only," replied the sibyl, "to place this ring upon your finger, and wear it night and day; underneath the setting is a powerful talisman, which will enable the wearer to conquer by degrees the heart of him she loves. Go then, beautiful Adelaide, divest yourself of all those cares and fears which at present poison your existence, and rest satisfied that my talisman will procure you all you wish."

From the tender joy which at that moment lighted up the charming countenance of Madame Preville, one might suppose that the magic of the talisman had already begun to operate. She rewarded the sibyl most liberally, and then hastened away to try the effect of the spell.

No longer despairing of power to please M. Preville, Adelaide met him in the evening for the first time with an unembarrassed air, and a countenance glowing with hope and modest confidence. Astonished at a change so sudden and so unexpected, Preville viewed her with an earnestness which suffused her cheek with blushes. She stopped short in the midst of a speech, and cast her eyes upon the ground: there was nothing, however, awkward in her confusion, and Preville, as he looked with admiration at her dark silken eyelashes, wondered he had never before noticed their exquisite beauty.

Madame Monvers at this instant entered the room, and read all she wanted to know in the look of pleased surprise with which Preville regarded his wife. Adelaide had a fine voice and a good ear, but before her marriage she knew little of music; she had since cultivated it assiduously, and she was now a good musician. Preville, who had heard her play only once, and then indifferently, was struck with astonishment when she executed a charming air in a very scientific style, and accompanied it with a voice of unequalled melody.

Madame Monvers called to take her young friend to a brilliant party, but Preville hinting a wish to pass the evening at home, Adelaide declined leaving him, and Madame Monvers remained with them. This judicious friend contrived during the evening to turn the conversation upon such topics as she knew Adelaide's talents were best suited to. Madame Preville was not a wit, but she possessed good sense, vivacity, and an artless *naïveté*, which rendered her conversation extremely amusing. Her cold and retired manners had so effectually veiled the talents which she really possessed, that

Preville could scarcely dissemble the astonishment he felt at seeing his automaton wife all grace, gaiety, and good humour. Never before had he tasted a supper so delicious as the little repast he shared with her; and Madame Monvers, who took leave soon after, exulted in the success of her benevolent stratagem.

In the course of a few weeks the natural and winning manners of Adelaide, her charms, which were no longer obscured by coldness and *mauvaise honte*, and the proofs which she daily gave of the goodness of her heart and temper, completely converted the indifferent Preville into a fond and respectful husband. Madame Monvers found her one morning in tears, but the smile which dimpled her cheek declared them tears of pleasure.

"My dear friend," cried she, "you see me the happiest of human beings; I can no longer doubt the attachment of my husband, he gives me daily proofs of it. Oh! how much am I indebted to that good fortune-teller!"

"If you think you owe her any thanks, pay them to me, for I was the fortune-teller."

"You! Good Heavens, is it possible? What motive——"

"A very innocent one, I assure you. I saw clearly that you would never be able to conquer the excessive humility which threw the veil of awkwardness and reserve over your natural disposition, unless some extraordinary means were used to inspire you with that self-confidence, which was the only thing necessary to enable you to fix the heart of your husband. I knew that the stories you had heard of the fortune-teller's skill must naturally make some impression on your mind; and when I heard you express a determination to consult her, I bribed her to let me take her place. Disguised as I was, I felt certain that you could not recollect me; and I saw with pleasure, that although you scrupled to make use of my skill, you yet placed implicit confidence in it. I congratulate you, my dear Adelaide, upon the attainment of that happiness which you owe to no other spell than your own graces and amiable qualities; and I prophesy, that the same charm will always be sufficiently potent to secure you the possession of that heart you so highly and justly prize."

Adelaide embraced her friend in a transport of gratitude. From that moment she thought only of fulfilling the prediction of Madame Monvers, by acting in such a manner as to keep the heart she had gained. Her efforts were successful, because her self-confidence never degenerated into presumption. She studied all the little foibles of her husband, met his wishes with a cheerful acquiescence, and rendered his home so delightful, that he never thought of looking for pleasure abroad. Imitate her, my fair readers: nature has profusely gifted you with personal charms, add to them the magic of good sense, good nature, and good humour; and be assured, that the hearts of your husbands, if even they should for a short period be estranged from you, must yield at last to a spell so powerful.

THE BIRTH-DAY PRESENT.

"Next Thursday will be my birth-day," said Mrs. Thornton to her husband; "I hope, my dear Charles, you have not purchased any thing to present me with."

"No, my dear," replied he, "I have not completed my purchase; but I mean to present you with a diamond necklace, much handsomer than the one worn the other night at the opera by Lady D——."

"My dearest husband," cried Mrs. Thornton, "let me not always strive vainly to repress the prodigality with which you lavish upon me money that might be so much better employed. Recollect the large sum you have already laid out in jewels for me, a sum which would have been more than sufficient if I had brought you a handsome fortune, instead of coming, as I did, a portionless bride to your arms."

"I deny that," said Thornton warmly. "No, Isabella, you were not portionless; your virtues, graces, and loveliness, were a dower for a prince."

"But, my love," cried Mrs. Thornton, "this princely dower will neither pay your tradesmen's bills, nor restore your property, if you should, as I fear you will, impoverish yourself through your attachment to me."

"There is no likelihood," cried Thornton, "that any thing which I have done, or may do, for you will impoverish me; my fortune is sufficient to support our present style of living, and it is necessary to my happiness that you should make a distinguished appearance."

"Well, my dear," replied his wife, "I see that on this one point you are determined to exert that authority, which you never appear to recollect you possess when we discuss any other subject; but let me solicit the favour of being allowed for once the disposal of the sum you have destined for my use."

"I am almost afraid to entrust you with it; you are so averse to laying out any sum on yourself, that I believe I must, for the first time, exact an account of the manner in which you will dispose of money before I give you any."

"Upon my word," said Mrs. Thornton laughing, "you are really too bad: what woman of fashion can tell at the moment when she receives a sum of money, to what spirited use she may appropriate it? However, I am very willing to promise, that, if the way in which I mean to lay it out does not please you, I will never again desire to have the disposal of any sum of consequence."

"Very well," cried Thornton, presenting her with a pocket-book, "I take you at your word. And now will you indulge me by accompanying me to Gray's to look at the necklace? I am certain that when you have seen it, you will own that you could not have laid out your money better."

As Mrs. Thornton intended to dispose of the money in a very different manner, she evaded a compliance with this request, and the conversation turned to other subjects.

Mr. Thornton was possessed of

a large fortune, a pleasing person, an amiable temper, and a good understanding. With these *agrémens* it may believed that he could find no difficulty in selecting a wife from the first circles, but he had, a few years before the period we speak of, set worldly prudence at defiance, by marrying the beautiful orphan of a worthy clergyman, whose want of birth and fortune were such heinous crimes in the eyes of his relations, that they had never been reconciled to the match; but as the death of his parents, while he was a child, made him entirely his own master, their enmity was, in his opinion, of little consequence; and partly with a view to pique them, and partly from affection to his wife, whom he loved most tenderly, he was always desirous that her appearance should be as elegantly expensive as if she had brought him a fortune more than equal to his own.

This profusion, however, was by no means agreeable either to the taste or wishes of Mrs. Thornton, whose benevolent heart and lively imagination held out to her sources of enjoyment of a much superior nature. She considered also, that glare and expense were not the means of reconciling the relations of her husband, whom she knew to be good-natured enough to give her the sole credit of what they reprobated as useless, perhaps ruinous, extravagance. Her remonstrances on this subject had hitherto been disregarded by Thornton, and she now determined to try whether she could not, by an innocent stratagem, allure him from his present system of profuse expenditure, to pursuits more congenial to her taste.

She made no opposition to his splendid preparations for celebrating her birth-day, and she consulted her husband's wishes so far as to provide a very elegant dress for the occasion; but when in the morning he entered her dressing-room to pay his congratulations on the return of the day, he was ready to exclaim with the poet,

"When unadorn'd, adorn'd the most,"

so uncommonly beautiful did his Isabella appear in the neat simple dishabille in which she received him. The consciousness that she had just performed a good action, and one with which she believed that her husband could not be displeased, gave to her naturally lovely features an expression of happiness almost celestial; and as Thornton embraced and congratulated her, he declared, with truth, that he had never seen her look so lovely.

"But come, Isabella," cried he, "let me see how you have laid out your money."

"I have not yet expended it," replied she, "but I will shew you how I intend, with your approbation, to dispose of it." And opening the door of a closet, she led forward a beautiful boy about six years old, whom she presented to her astonished husband.

"This poor child, my dear Charles," said she, "is an orphan, and reasons, which we will discuss another time, make me extremely desirous to provide for him. I know that my happiness is very dear to you; and when I tell you, that by allowing me to expend

upon his education the large sum you recently gave me, you will add to my felicity more than you could possibly do by putting me in possession of all the trinkets in the world, I flatter myself you will not refuse the first request of any consequence I ever made to you."

While she was speaking, Thornton was gazing earnestly on the features of the child, and he exclaimed, as if involuntarily, "What a strong resemblance! Come here, my little fellow," continued he, addressing the boy, "this lady intends to be your mamma; should you like me for a papa?"

"Oh, yes," replied the child, "very much indeed! I have two mammas already, but I have no papa, and I shall be very glad if you will be my papa."

He held out his little arms as he spoke, and Thornton clasped him to his breast with evident emotion. He was silent for some minutes, and then whispered to Mrs. Thornton to send the boy away; and when she had done so, he entreated his wife, with much earnestness, to tell him who were the parents of the child.

"His mother," replied Mrs. Thornton, "was a woman of high rank and uncommon beauty; she was united when very young to a nobleman, who acted rather as a tyrant than a husband, and his brutal conduct gave her so decided a disgust to matrimony, that when his death restored her to liberty, she determined never to form a second engagement. Circumstances, with which I am not thoroughly acquainted, unfortunately entangled her in an illicit amour, of which Augustus, the boy whom you have just seen, is the fruit. This intrigue, which was at first rather the result of levity and want of principle, than of excessive passion, soon assumed a more serious appearance; she became passionately attached to her gallant, and as soon as she found herself likely to become a mother, she pressed him with the greatest ardour to marry her. Although he appeared much affected at her situation, he hesitated for some time, but at length, apparently overcome by her tears and entreaties, he promised to make her his wife in a few days. I need not paint her grief and surprise when she learned, three days afterwards, that he had quitted England secretly, nor could she discover whither he had gone.

"Although nearly distracted at a desertion so unexpected, and as she thought so cruel, she yet possessed sufficient strength of mind to take such measures as were necessary to preserve her reputation. She planned a retreat into the country, whither she went unaccompanied even by the only person who knew her secret. This was her own woman, whose conduct had for some time before given her strong reasons to fear that her confidence was misplaced. The person at whose house her *accouchement* took place, was a respectable widow in humble circumstances, whose attentive tenderness soon induced the unhappy lady to confide in her. After some time she returned to London, leaving her child in the good woman's care, and silenced the inquiries of her former confidante, by an assurance that the boy was dead.

"Some years elapsed without the lady seeing or hearing any thing of her lover; at length he returned to England, and married; but no explanation of his singular behaviour ever took place. Disappointment, and perhaps remorse, induced the mother of my *protégé* to plunge deeper and deeper into dissipation; she became involved in debt, and anxiety produced the most fatal effects upon her health. Having only a life interest in her property, she saw with terror the approach of that moment which would, by depriving her of existence, consign her child to poverty: for she felt an unconquerable repugnance to apply to his father; since, independently of the resentment which she still felt for his conduct, she knew not how far the disclosure of her child's existence might interrupt the happiness he was said to enjoy in his marriage. While her mind was occupied in forming plans which she could not summon courage to execute, she recollected some claims which she had upon me, and appealed to my humanity for the future provision of her child. Need I say, that I readily granted the protection which she claimed? My solemn assurances that I would supply her place, divested Death of his most awful terrors; she met his approach with fortitude and resignation, and her sincere penitence has, I hope and trust, expiated her faults."

The tears which Thornton had till now with difficulty suppressed, broke forth, nor were the eyes of Mrs. Thornton dry. "My Isabella," said he, at length, in a faltering voice, "I know you will forgive this tribute to the memory of an unfortunate, injured woman. I see that the unhappy Lady P—— has had no reserves with you; you know that I am the father of Augustus: but believe me, my beloved, I am not the villain that circumstances make me appear. We have been the victims of unparalleled treachery. Lady P——, whose temper was unfortunately very violent, had given her woman, who, as you observed, was the only person in our confidence, some cause of disgust; and this wretch, whose disposition must have been diabolically revengeful, resolved to take the earliest opportunity of making a breach between us; but no possibility of doing so occurred till her mistress informed her of her situ tion, and the promise I had given her in consequence of it.

"She listened to this communication with feigned pleasure, but at that moment she formed the infernal scheme to which the unfortunate Lady P—— fell a victim. She waited on me, and with much apparent reluctance, and many tears, declared to me, that I was imposed upon by a tale fabricated for the purpose of inducing me to marry her ladyship. Her scheme had unfortunately too much success; I took fire at the thought of being imposed upon, and wrote immediately, reproaching her ladyship in severe terms for her duplicity. My letter was intercepted by the artful domestic; and as I received no answer, I concluded she was overwhelmed with shame at my knowledge of her intended imposition, and I quitted England for the Continent immediately.

"On my return to England,

Lady P—— was much talked of, and I congratulated myself on having escaped an union with her, till an accidental meeting with her servant, who was in the last stage of a decline, revealed to me the treachery which had been practised to separate us; but as this woman solemnly assured me, that my child was dead, and Lady P——'s reputation entirely uninjured by his birth, I did not feel myself called upon to renew a connection which promised little happiness. I wonder not that Lady P——'s pride, of which she had a considerable share, should render her averse to any application to me; but it is plain she properly appreciated your heart, my noble-minded Isabella, when she cast the poor innocent on your protection: he is yours, my love, to do with as you please. I cannot reward the delicate affection for me which your conduct to him has evinced, but I will shew my sense of it by leaving you free in future to act as you please with regard to your own expenses. I know that you will always remember the respect which we owe to the opinion of the world, which prescribes a certain degree of elegance in appearance; but for the future, those sums which I can afford to appropriate to your private use, shall be at your own disposal."

Mrs. Thornton thanked her husband by a tender embrace. He did not find himself deceived in his reliance upon her prudence; she had, indeed, no longer new and expensive ornaments, but she enjoyed the delight, in which her husband participated, of relieving distress and diffusing happiness around her. Her dress was elegant and tasteful, without being dazzling enough to excite either envy or censure. The relations of Thornton found their enmity disarmed by the modest propriety of her appearance, and their esteem excited by the exemplary manner in which she fulfilled her domestic duties, and the numerous anecdotes they heard of her benevolence. They made overtures for a reconciliation, which Mrs. Thornton persuaded her husband to meet half way; and the civility with which they had at first treated her for his sake, was soon changed, by her sweet and conciliatory manners, into the most affectionate cordiality.

Though Mrs. Thornton became a mother about a year after her adoption of Augustus, that circumstance did not decrease her affection for him. Naturally of a grateful and affectionate temper, he returned her maternal cares by the fondest love and reverence. Never did Thornton suffer the anniversary of his Isabella's birth to pass without a fond and grateful remembrance of that day, on which she had proved herself so superior to the general foible of her sex, by appropriating to a much more noble purpose the price of her diamond necklace.

Plate 15.—THE PENITENTIARY.

This new and extensive building is situated on the north shore of the river Thames, nearly midway between Westminster and Vauxhall bridges, at Millbank, on a site that was formerly occupied

as garden ground. It is appropriated to the reception of convicted criminals, who, subjected to the sentence of the law for transportable offences, are here destined to suffer by labour and imprisonment a punishment for their crimes, apportioned to the nature and extent of them.

The colonizing of New South Wales being sufficiently advanced, and the prodigious expense to the country which attends the transportation of every convict to New Holland, probably led to the formation of this establishment; but a better motive—a motive more consonant with the philanthropic spirit of the British nation and its legislature—has induced it to pass by such rigid calculations, and to endeavour, by a system founded upon humane and rational principles, to substitute a punishment sufficient to operate upon the vicious towards the prevention of crime, and thus protect the public from injury; and, at the same time, to correct the abandoned, by habits of industry, by regularity, and by religious instruction, so that when the abridged term of his castigation shall be over, he shall be restored a reformed and useful member of society, worthy of the protection of those laws he had formerly violated.

If the punishment be not excessive, but merely commensurate with the crime, and its operation tend to correct the understanding and the heart, it contains all that true policy and humanity can desire; but this punishment should not hold out false and delusive prospects of proving less a punishment than the law has adjusted to the offence, which for some time the practice of transporting convicts to our colonies has done, to a degree that has transformed the sentence into an insufficient motive to refrain from crime.

Penitence and reform are the objects to which such punishments are directed: surely, then, that system is best which promises the speediest prospect of obtaining them; and since it is usual to add the strong stimulus of pardon on an abandonment of error, and the manifestation of good and exemplary conduct, an establishment under the immediate inspection of the legislature, is calculated to encourage this amendment by a judicious and early application of royal clemency. With such intentions, and upon such principles, this establishment is founded; and to the fulfilment of them, through all its branches and functions, it is to be hoped the legislature will keep the anxious and watchful eye of a faithful guardian, alike as it regards the health and welfare of its unhappy inmates, as the advantages that the public have a right to expect from it; at the same time carefully securing its application to the direct purpose to which it is now exclusively devoted.

The building is chiefly of brick, in no regular style of architecture, but very much resembling that which prevailed in Scotland about the time of James I.; it is quadrangular, and so disposed as to separate the male from the female convicts, and to admit the division of each into several classes: the whole is surrounded by a high wall. From Lady-day to Michaelmas the prisoners rise at half-past five, and

at day-break during the remainder of the year: they dine at one o'clock, and until two the time is devoted to dinner, air, and exercise: at six in summer, and at sunset in winter, they leave off work: in the winter the prisoners are then locked into their night cells, except on the evenings upon which they are assembled in the schools to receive moral and religious instruction: during the summer they are allowed an hour after work for air and exercise in the court-yards, and immediately after they are locked up in their cells for the night, their suppers are delivered to them.

The chapel of this institution is a spacious building, containing accommodation for the committee of management, the officers, and prisoners: the latter rise on a Sunday at seven from Lady-day to Michaelmas, and at eight during the remainder of the year. They attend divine service twice a day, and between it and the hours in which they receive religious instruction, sufficient time is appropriated to walking for the advantages of exercise and air.

The term of confinement is abridged from that of the usual sentence in the following manner:—"For and during any term not exceeding five years, in case an offender shall have been sentenced to be transported for seven years only; for any term not exceeding seven years, in case he or she shall have been so sentenced for fourteen years; and for a term not exceeding ten years, in case such offender shall have received sentence of transportation for life, or shall have been capitally convicted."

To encourage industry, and provide a fund for the use of the prisoners when they are discharged from confinement, they are allowed a per-centage on their work; and the governor may, with the consent of the committee, indulge the industrious by allowing them to work after the hours appointed for labour. The prisoners are habited in coarse clothing of cheap materials; the first class being of yellow and brown, and the second class of green and brown, with such other marks and peculiarities as may tend to facilitate discovery in case of escape.

STATE OF THE ISLE OF MAN.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

When I promised to send you some account of this island, and of what advantage I might find it to afford as a residence to people in moderate circumstances, I was by no means aware of the difficulty of the task I had imposed upon myself, nor of the probable length to which this letter may extend before it could fulfil my promise.

In England the Isle of Man is generally supposed to be a barren rock, inhabited by a few smugglers, whose traffic having been interrupted by the British government, they had recourse, as their only remaining means of subsistence, to the conversion of their island from a smuggling depot into a general asylum for all the outcasts from the neighbouring shores. This opinion appears to have been originally not

wholly unfounded, though considerably exaggerated: under its former petty sovereigns it was little else than a nest of smugglers, to which its independent legislature, and its local situation in the midst of the British isles, were peculiarly adapted: its uncommonly fertile soil, its salubrious climate, and the beautiful diversity of its surface, were at that period wholly disregarded; smuggling and the herring fishery were the only occupations; the most brutal and protracted intoxication, and promiscuous licentiousness, the only gratifications: and there are still old men to be found, who, with tears in their eyes, deplore the good old times when, night and day for months together, the streets of Douglas were crowded with casks of wine and spirits, intermixed with human bodies equally gorged with the same contents! Such a society naturally courted the congeniality of mind, manner, and occupation prevalent among the least cherished members of the neighbouring countries; and by offering to the desperate debtor a protection from the threatened gaol, they procured a number of persons well adapted to the prosecution of their illicit commerce. This commerce at length became so extended, that it was judged necessary to revest the sovereignty of the island in the crown of Britain; and it was accordingly purchased from the family of Athol in 1765, and from that period smuggling rapidly diminished, so as at present to be nearly annihilated: dissipation gradually wore away as the means of administering to it decreased; and industry, the last acquisition of a community once prone to smuggling, has of late made great and rapid progress in the island. The town of Douglas has become a place of considerable trade, and is accommodated with one of the most superb piers to be met with in the British islands, affording not only protection to the harbour, but a most agreeable and elegant promenade to the inhabitants of the town; new and handsome houses are rising over the whole island with astonishing rapidity; schools, libraries, and news-rooms, are become numerous in the different towns; and many estates that were but recently in a state of waste, are now highly cultivated: so that the island, which at the period of the revestment depended almost wholly on the neighbouring countries for its subsistence, now employs a considerable tonnage in exporting its superabundant wheat to Liverpool, where it is estimated fully equal to the best that is grown in any part of England.

I shall now proceed to notice those advantages which this island appears to offer as a residence to people of small or moderate fortunes, the principal of which is, a total exemption from all direct taxes, except that on dogs: no tax on houses, on windows, on men-servants, on carriages, on horses; no poor rates, no endless exaction of taxes, nor unceasing vexation from tax-gatherers; no surcharges, nor penalties for the non-compliance with revenue regulations, which it would require a protracted study to become acquainted with: that upon dogs is merely a measure

of policy to keep down their numbers, and the produce of it is applied to the highways. The excise exacted on almost every article in England, is drawn back on its exportation to the Isle of Man. The duties on tea and sugar are wholly drawn back, which makes them considerably cheaper here than in England. Wine and spirits pay only small duties on importation. House rent here, as in every other place, is uncertain, being generally more regulated by the demand than the price of building; at present, in consequence of the great number lately built and now building, many are unoccupied, and the rents consequently low: materials for building are also generally abundant in the island: there is no duty on timber, glass, slates, bricks, &c. Provisions of every description are much lower than in any part of England, as must necessarily be the case when it is considered, that grain, fat cattle, bacon, butter, cheese, eggs, &c. are sent in great quantities from hence to Liverpool. The style of living is much more moderate here than in England, so that very few men-servants are kept by any person; and the women-servants do not cost, in wages and maintenance, above one-half of what they do in the cheapest counties in England, and are, in addition, much more obedient and humble. At Douglas the schools are numerous, and masters procurable in every branch of education. The island is blessed with one of the wholesomest climates any where to be met with, ague and some other complaints being unknown in it. Its insular situation is favourable to sea-bathing, and no place can excel the beach at Douglas for that purpose.

Two insular newspapers are published weekly at half the English price; a government packet communicates weekly with Whitehaven; and there are private packets established to Dublin and Ardglas, besides no less than four vessels of about four hundred tons each, very completely fitted up for carrying passengers, which constantly trade between Douglas and Liverpool, and afford frequent opportunities of passing between these ports every week. Fish is here in so great profusion, and of such excellent quality, that I am told not less than one hundred thousand pounds worth were exported last year.

In consequence of the rapid advance of this island of late years, the interest of money is high; six per cent. is that established by law, and even on mortgage it is at present rarely lent at less; and the usual price of land is from twenty to twenty-five years purchase. On the whole, I do not know any other place in the British islands where a person of moderate fortune can enjoy so many of the luxuries and conveniencies of life as in this island, where 200*l.* will certainly go fully as far as 300*l.* in the cheapest county in England.

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI ... TANJORE

A TRAVELLING SKETCH IN JAMAICA.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,——If you will accept of the following sketch from a traveller who has had the advantage of *seeing foreign parts*, it is at your service.

The scene which I lay before you is supposed to take place in the Island of Jamaica, and in fact, as it is drawn portrait-wise, there it actually did take place. With your leave, we will dramatise it, and suppose, in strict accordance with the severer unities, that the whole passes within the space of a day.

Time, *Morning*—Scene, *Breakfast*. This is about nine o'clock, and Mr. Sugar Cane has just returned from his morning ride of inspection about the estate. You must know, sir, that this important personage takes this daily ride along what are called the *intervals* of the cultivated ground, as, for the purpose of carriage, &c. they separate the several cane or Guinea grass fields, and so on. As a necessary adjunct to this circulating equitation, a black boy is in frequent attendance, for the opening of gates and other necessary duties, all which he is enabled to perform by that gain of power which his holding of the horse's tail affords. Well! the ride is over—our planter comes in wiping his face, and Mrs. Sugar Cane preparing to preside over the ceremonies of the table, loaded with tea, coffee, chocolate, hot rolls, and butter (our July, as my Lord Ogilvy has it, is nothing to it, for the butter is here actually liquified); while the sons of the family are tracing, from a powder-horn or flask, a circle of gunpowder round a small heap of sugar, in order to blow up some few scores of flies, who may be attracted to the bait. Daniel, the mulatto boy, is waiting with a *fire-stick* for this laudable purpose. The explosion takes place, the breakfast is eaten, and Mr. Sugar Cane having marched off to his tumbler of *small lime punch*, or medicated draught of *tamarind water*, Mrs. Sugar Cane desires Daniel to tell Eve, to call Hannibal, to order Scipio, to bid Quasheba, to ask Dolly the cook to come, that dinner may, in both quality and degree, be set in a due state of preparation.—Dolly makes her appearance, and the dialogue proceeds, with a prodigious elongation of drawl, quite unknown to this climate.

Mrs. *S.*—Well, my good Dolly, we must think about the dinner, you know.

D.—Yes, Missis: Massa Billy killed yesterday three ring-tailed pigeons and one bald-head; and Cæsar, him bring in two whistling ducks.

Mrs. *S.*—Well, Dolly, we must have them dressed: but are the two capons killed? They are in fine order, a'nt they?

D.—Beautiful birds, Missis; me cut off their heads presently, and pick them by the fire, Missis, and so they be quite tender; and then, Missis, the paroquet soup and the turtle eggs.

Mrs. *S.*—But have you no black crabs? They are travelling fast enough now, I think!

(The violet crabs, the greatest luxury of the West Indies, which, feeding on herbage in the high

grounds, descend, with a sort of contra instinct to that of the salmon, towards the sea, for the purpose of depositing their spawn annually, are met in vast columns of march, are seized and incarcerated in unheaded barrels, whence they are taken to make all sorts of luxurious preparations).

D.—Oh, yes, Missis, the barrels have plenty, and I make them soup, and send them up in platefuls too.

More clumsy plenty is added, and Dolly is about to march off, when she recollects herself, and, stopping, asks Mrs. S. what is to be had for the strangers. These are the wayfarers, who wandering over the island from either idleness or business, and finding no inns, of necessity impose themselves upon the hospitality of the planters, which, it must needs be confessed, is absolutely boundless. We will therefore shift the scene to the noontide hour, or to a short hour after it, and we will then see what the coming of the strangers, thus provided for, occasions. Our dear West-Indians, for the most part, pretty exactly fill up the outline of description given respecting our Anglo-Saxon ancestors. They live in mean houses, fare sumptuously, and, in fact, press into their service every sort of luxury. Thus you may, amidst the splendour of plate and glass, and the enjoyment of the most costly wines, have a lizard tumble from the single roof into your tureen of turtle-soup; while at night, though your light were protected by what are called glass-shades from the attacks of the cockroach, the said cockroach, who has been nibbling all day along the gilding from picture and glass frames, is now bounding into your face, or, if you go to bed with unwashed hands, is macerating the ends of your fingers. The precaution of putting the feet of bed-posts into stone receptacles for water, to prevent the attack of ants and so forth, is no defence against the sluggish, heavy, and inodoriferous flight of these odious insects.

But dinner hour approaches; and the planter and his guests are drawn up in the piazza, with their legs elevated against the posts at a height somewhat above their heads, thereby displaying a very formidable show to the approaching stranger, while a battery of Havannah segars is breathing out a line of fire and smoke. The stranger arrives, and riding up to the *horse-block*, calls lustily to the first black he sees, and dismounts.

"Here, you negro boy, take my horse to the stable; rub him well down, give him a feed. Carry my portmanteau to my bed-room; I mean to sleep here to-night."

"Yes, Massa." So the horse is fed, rubbed down, and the portmanteau conveyed in doors, all as a matter in course. The stranger, meanwhile, struts into the piazza, asks for the master of the house, makes his leg, and shaking his hand first, and then all the assembly as heartily by the hand as if he had known them from his infancy, he informs his entertainer, that he is come to beg a dinner and a bed. This is instantly accorded; the bed-room is prepared, and the whole party go to dinner—in perfect and continued ignorance of the guest's name or condition. His honour sometimes takes it into his head, if he likes his quarters, to stay several

days, and he is still welcomed, and has no leading questions asked him. The hospitality of the people was, indeed, unbounded. Dr. Coke, when travelling through the island to survey his Methodist mission, was much struck with this; but he somewhat ungraciously coupled it with a terrible censure: "They are," said he, "the most hospitable and the most wicked of mankind." The merchants of Tyre were not more princely in their generosity. The Assembly gave 5000*l.* to Captain Bligh for bringing the bread-fruit among them. This piece of liberality seemed so surprising to old Hoffman, Professor of Botany at Göttingen, that in one of his lectures, laying his hand upon a specimen of the fruit, and holding it up to his audience, he told the anecdote, and repeated, with marks of a very ludicrous astonishment, half a dozen times—"*Five thousand pounds* for an apple!" By the way, the young English then at Göttingen, classed Hoffman himself. He had on his establishment a niece and two waiting-women. They accordingly posted him as *Monandria Trigynia.* He was, however, a very good man, and a diligent as well as able instructor. — After all, the blacks will hardly be persuaded to eat of this apple.

* * * *

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XV.

——— Sub iisdem
Sit trabibus, fragilemque mecum
Solvas Phaselon.——————Hor.

They who mysteries reveal,
Beneath my roof shall never live,
Shall never hoist with me the doubtful sail.

I cannot help thinking, that some of my correspondents address me on subjects which they consider as more particularly connected with my sex and character; first as a *female*, and secondly as a *female Tattler.* It is a vulgar notion, as well as a very ill-founded one, that women are more disposed to indulge in loquacity than the men: the experiences of social life will prove the contrary; and I have no doubt, that a comedy as busy, facetious, and natural, entitled *The Wonder that a Man keeps a Secret,* might be produced, as the lively drama so well known to the frequenters of the theatre, which is founded on the pretended astonishing event, that a woman should possess the extraordinary resolution of maintaining her promised secrecy inviolate. I am aware it will be said, that the comedy to which I have alluded was written by a woman, and one who was well, perhaps too well, acquainted with all the weaknesses of her sex: but I have always imagined, and I have no doubt the truth was, that Mrs. Centlivre wished, by her play, to do away an idle, prevailing prejudice, respecting the tattling propensities of females, by presenting a character to the stage, that should tend to weaken, if not altogether dispel, the unreflecting notion of the irresistible loquacity of our sex.

[library stamp]

I may, perhaps, have considered the subject of the following letter with an unreasonable jealousy, for there is not a single allusion throughout it, to this supposed weakness in the female character. It consists of a succession of very sensible and just observations on the duty of maintaining secrecy, and the reasons upon which the obligations to it are founded. Its instructions are as applicable to the men as the women; but professing myself to be a female Tattler, I could not help suspecting, on its being addressed to me in that character, that it has allusions which, however disguised, apply to that incautious loquacity with which women are so unjustly charged. Some may perhaps suppose, that the title of *Tattler* which I have assumed, may be synonimous to tale-bearer; but that construction I boldly and confidently deny. I assume no other character than that of a narrator of the general and ordinary concerns of life in the way of familiar instruction, and, as far as I am capable, of blending it with useful information and moral entertainment. So much for myself, and now for the letter.

TO THE FEMALE TATTLER.

Madam,

From the general character of your writings, and the knowledge you display in the various and excellent instructions which you, every month, and I wish it were oftener, present to the readers of the *Repository*, I am fully persuaded that you have not derived your knowledge from a mere intimacy with social life and the manners of the world; but that the shelves of your study have furnished you with those acquirements which books are peculiarly, and, on some subjects, may be said to be almost exclusively, calculated to bestow. You are, therefore, more than qualified to agree with me, that the fabulous works of the poets and the volumes of the historians fail not to delight by their respective beauties of imagination and the power of their narratives: but do we not feel ourselves more particularly interested, (I am sure I do, and you I think will make the same acknowledgment,) when a moral virtue, or a social obligation, is forcibly presented to us, the practice of which is our indispensable duty, and consequently essential to our happiness? Besides, we are more ready to observe these instructions, as well as to acquiesce in the excellence of them, from the unquestionable authority of the teacher.

The zeal and fidelity of friendship are among the most distinguished virtues which the ancients possessed. If we examine their conduct and intimate connections with each other, it will appear, that the most sacred rites of their religion were not more strongly ratified, or more rigorously preserved, than the laws by which the intimacies of their social life were governed. The table of friendship and the altar of sacrifice were equally free from contamination. The mysteries of Bacchus were enveloped with as many leaves as those of Ceres, and the profanation of either deity excluded the offenders from the assemblies of men; the revealer was judged to be accursed, and his impiety was the theme of general execration.

The chief happiness of social

life consists in our being able to meet together on the honest principles of social beings. It is not the increase of vices, which, I fear, are inseparable from erring humanity, that alarms the reflecting mind and experienced understanding; the riots of the licentious, or the outrages of the profligate; but it is the absence of that integrity, the neglect of that virtue, the contempt of that honour, which, by connecting individuals, form the most lasting, as well as endearing, bonds of society, and without which the society of virtuous characters cannot subsist.

Such is the state of human nature, that every man does not appear to be formed for that intimate connection which we distinguish by the appellation of friendship, and we well know the difference between a friend and an acquaintance. The latter is a progressive character, and may, after an intermediate trial of his virtues and his fidelity, his warm heart and generous nature, attain the superior dignity of a friend. He must now consider himself as having entered on a character which requires all the higher virtues, as well as the most agreeable qualities, to support it; but among these, fidelity, and the taciturnity necessary to it, must be particularly distinguished. He must be able to controul with an absolute sway any dispositions to unreflecting talkativeness, or the impulse of idle curiosity; and, above all things, to be able to resist the communicating temptations of those too often unguarded moments, of which the indulgencies of Bacchus, or the suggestions of vindictive resentment, may produce: and, as far as it is in his power, let him endeavour, that a confidence reposed in him should not be sought for by him as a wish of his own, but should devolve upon him by the entreaty of another.

Such is the general honour of the English character, and such its general love of sincerity, that he who is guilty of a breach of either, finds little indulgence from those circles in society whose estimation is of any value. He who is found capable of betraying the secrets which an unsuspecting friendship has confided to his bosom as a safe and inviolable repository, instantly loses the respect, to say no worse, of every man whose respect reflects honour upon the object of it. In no class of society is any character held in greater detestation than that of an informer; and he who betrays the secrets of his friend is the most odious of informers.

At the same time, ill as I think of, and severe as I am disposed to be on, the betrayers of confidence, I am far from imagining that it always proceeds from a love of mischief or a malignant disposition. Folly and vanity are, perhaps, by far the more frequent misleaders to such unworthiness; and it will frequently be seen, that the first discoverer of a secret is only weak, and that it is the propagator who is malignant. The first author of a report, however wrong, has probably been the dupe of his own habit of loquacity, or may have the secret drawn from him by the importunities of some one whom he was persuaded he could trust. An idle vanity may incline us to enumerate our parties of mirth and friendship, when we believe our

importance is increased by a recapitulation of the discourse, and a communication of the sentiments in which we were permitted to share; and to prove that we were considered as fit to be entrusted with affairs of great concern and privacy, we inconsiderately enter upon a detail of them.

After all, it is impossible not to observe, in our communications with mankind, the very prevalent inclination to hear a secret, to whomsoever it relates, whether it unfolds the mysteries of government, or relates to the domestic history of a family. Whatever may be its import, whether serious or trivial, how many value the communication so that it be but a secret! and oftentimes, how difficult it would be to determine whether the delight is greater to those who hear or to such as relate it, though the apparent, if not the assumed, importance is on the side of the latter: it may be considered, indeed, as the superiority of him who gives over him who receives.

They must have had little to do indeed in social life, who are unacquainted with the circumstances to which my allusions are directed. In short, who that has lived in what is called the world, and has employed an observing eye on the manners and what passes in the circles of it, but must have now and then seen a character bursting with a secret, and manifesting, by hints and half-intelligible expressions, his anxiety to communicate it, while he is perplexed with doubt into whose ear he shall pour the important intelligence. He however, settles at last; draws the highly favoured personage into a corner; relates all he knows, and not very seldom more than he knows; engages a solemn promise of the utmost secrecy; is silly enough to presume that another will be more faithful than himself; and stalks about the room, lightened of his burden, important, and at ease.

In no small space of time, a secret thus communicated is known throughout the town, to the utter astonishment of the first possessors of it; and the consternation is still greater, as each reporter is equally confident that he only communicated it to one person.

"A report," says an ancient writer, "thus transferred from one to another, is like a drop of water at the top of a house, which descends from tile to tile, yet at last makes its way to the gutter, and then is involved in the general stream." Nor shall I think myself guilty of presumption by extending the allegory, in observing, that the drop of water, after its progress through all the channels of the streets, is not more contaminated with filth and dirt, than a simple story, after it has passed through the mouths of a few modern talebearers. I am, madam, your obedient humble servant,

ONE *who can hold his Tongue.*

My readers, I doubt not, will agree with me, that there is no small portion of good sense and keen observation in the foregoing letter; but my jealousy is not altogether lulled by its cautious phraseology, and the total absence of all allusion to that spirit of communication which is so generally, but, as I have already observed, so

unjustifiably, and, I may add, so ungenerously attributed to the female part of the creation, whose tongues, I insist upon it, are not more slightly hung, and whose hearts are not less worthy of being made the repositories of honourable confidence, than those of the men. If my paper would allow me, I could produce many striking examples of female virtue and resolution, which would be more than sufficient to silence the idle accusations which flippant wit and unreflecting common-place talkers may let loose against us. I may hereafter be induced to extend the subject, and prove the truth of my assertions. I shall conclude this paper by a whimsical note, which was delivered to me on the morning of the auspicious day whose date distinguishes it.

F—— T——.

TO THE FEMALE TATTLER.

Feb. 14, 1817.

Madam,——I am told by some of my female acquaintance, that I have the knack of writing verses rather agreeably; and, encouraged by that opinion, I had determined to send you a *Valentine*, but on mentioning this design of mine to a criticising friend, he advised me to delay my intention till I could ascertain whether the *Female Tattler* did not wear a round beaver hat, a great-coat, pantaloons, and Hessian boots, as an ordinary fashionable morning dress. I have only therefore to add, that if you will assure me that, on the contrary, you appear in bonnet, muff and tippet, shawl, and every other petticoat accompaniment, you may depend upon receiving, on the 14th of February, in the year 1818, a very respectful and appropriate copy of verses from your faithful

VALENTINE.

EXHIBITION OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE Exhibition at the British Institution this year consists of two hundred and forty-two works of art, nine of which are sculptural models. It presents decidedly the best collection that our artists have furnished since the establishment of the British Gallery. The contributors are as various as the subjects on which they have treated; and their works evidently disclose an improvement both in style and execution, that promises an advancement in the character of the fine arts of our country, which, if they do not excite a proper and adequate portion of public patronage, will at least shew that our artists deserve it.

The progress of art, even in those ages when it was most highly patronised and cultivated, has been slow and progressive. In other professions the stamp of genius commands immediate attention, and ensures prompt success; but the fame of an artist must oftener follow his career, than cheer him in the course of his labours; and whatever be the mental vigour of the man, a life of toilsome and unremitting observation and industry is necessary for the full developement of his powers.

The present Exhibition is a striking example of the value of well-directed application: the landscapes are numerous and well ex-

ecuted, and in many instances consist of compositions, in which are introduced, with skill and effect, parts of the designs that are to be found in the admirable pictures of Claude, which adorned the last Exhibition: his bridges, his temples, and vistas, are occasionally introduced with some slight alterations, to save the works from the charge of being mere copies; but they are handled with a degree of taste, which shews that the artist *felt* the subject he had before him, and was not ignorant of the principles to which it referred.

The following are the principal works in the Institution: we take them generally in the order of the names as they appear in the catalogue. In our selection (limited as it must be) we are of necessity compelled to omit several pictures, to the merits of which we beg to be understood as by no means insensible.

The young Cottager's first Purchase—Preparing for a Voyage—and *an Argument at the Spring*, by W. Collins, A.R.A.

These three pictures are executed in this artist's best style. The first is broad and sunny, and quite free from that white effect, or rather defect, into which artists sometimes fall in endeavouring to give their pictures a particular brightness. The thoughtfulness of the boy, who has emptied his purse to make the purchase, is finely contrasted with the lively emotion of the child, who appears to enjoy it: the expression of both is simple and pretty. The bird and cage are extremely well painted; but the form of the waggon, at the back of the group, might have been agreeably broken.

The second picture is equally pleasing in its sunny effect: it contains, however, some loose and careless drawing, that an artist so competent to handle his subject well, might have avoided. The naked and kneeling boys might have been in this respect improved. The boats, sails, &c. are beautiful to a degree.

We only notice the third picture, to mark its improvement since the last Exhibition at Somerset-House, by an alteration in the too slight execution of the trees.

Interior of the British Gallery during the Exhibition of Italian Masters in 1816—and *Tuning*, by F. P. Stephanoff.

Two very clever pictures; but the velvet hangings in the former are too brown, and some of the heads too chalky. The latter picture is already sold, and we are glad of it. The expression of the story is almost worthy of Wilkie, and the colouring is most excellent.

Bulls fighting—and *the Lioness disturbed*, by James Ward, R.A.

The first of these pictures contains fine execution, but it wants some repose in the back-ground; the subject does not catch the attention soon enough. The bulls are amazingly spirited, and drawn with the greatest correctness. The execution of the latter picture, as well as its drawing, is surprising. It is impossible to conceive any thing finer than the life and expression of the lioness's eye, or the breadth, effect, and rich full colouring of the picture; the nature and character of the disturbed animal are inimitably portrayed.

This picture is altogether one of Mr. Ward's finest productions.

Evening (vide the opening of Gray's *Elegy*)—and *The Hermit* (vide Goldsmith's Poem), by John Martin.

This artist has already displayed prodigious talent in his works. His style is bold, and his execution vigorous. The first picture has a fine air, in spite of some harshness in the colouring, and the second has great poetical grandeur; but the force of this artist's genius can be better conceived and appreciated by the contemplation of his *Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still*, which we noticed in our remarks on the last Exhibition at the Royal Academy, and which (strange to say) remains still unsold, and forms a part of the present Exhibition. In this picture the artist seems to have, with enthusiasm, seized and expressed a fine idea, which excites a similar emotion in others' breasts, and awakens a feeling like his own. The awful confusion in the valley—the appearance of the city in the distance—the grandeur of the havock which Nature, by divine command, is about to inflict upon the foe, form a combination which is almost expressed in the picture, and which must strike the mind of the beholder with a sentiment of admiration and awe.

The Pedlar—and *Sheep-washing*, by D. Wilkie, R. A.

The first of these pictures is in Mr. Wilkie's best and peculiar style. It possesses all the fine qualities which distinguish this most excellent artist—his drawing, expression, composition, chiaro-scuro, &c.

The parts of the picture are beautiful, particularly the pedlar's box and the showy articles of his trade. The composition is filled up with great taste: in this the artist, like some writers, may be said to have an "elegant redundancy." Ostade would have admired this picture, and profited from its examination.

The landscape picture is, we believe, the artist's first attempt at such compositions, and should not, therefore, be judged with too scrutinizing an eye. To say that it possesses great merit, would be in fact to say hardly any thing, for merit and the production of this artist's pencil are synonimous terms. The details of this picture are brought out with infinite care and precision. The sheep are beautifully drawn, and the trees are extremely well finished; but there is a monotony of colour in it, which, as well as the execution of the sky, is disagreeable: the water, too, has been complained of as dull and devoid of sufficient transparency. The general effect of nature is not striking in the landscape, though much of the vigour of the artist's pencil is every where observable in the parts of which the picture is composed.

The Lake of Avernus, by C. V. Fielding.

This is certainly a fine picture, but it is too slight in the execution. It has a poetic feeling and solemn tone that give it an air of grandeur, but it wants a little more attention to nature to make it an excellent production.

Brook-Scene at Enfield, by F. C. Lewis.

This is the best of this artist's pictures which we have seen. They

in general resemble each other too much; and while they display much knowledge of nature, at the same time appear deficient in some of the principles of drawing and colouring.

Hermione, by James Lonsdale.

This is a good picture, and in parts very well coloured.

Lake Windermere, with Stone-Hall, by W. Westall, A. R. A.

This picture is neatly handled and well coloured: the transparency of the water is delineated with taste.

A Lady, with Attendants, at the Bath, by R. T. Bone.

There is good colouring in this picture. The artist has evidently aimed at breadth; but in the course of his studies he should bear in mind the judicious precept of Mr. Fuseli, that breadth "ought to be the superiority of the whole over the parts;" but here the parts are destroyed to obtain it: and, as the same critic says, "if it were easily got, emptiness could give it;" and this seems to be the only means used. Mr. Bone is a clever and painstaking artist, and will, we have no doubt, weigh in his mind a well-intended observation.

Child and Dog—and *Chess-Players*, by Miss Geddes.

This lady appears to have been rather in a hurry with her pictures this season, and the usual correctness of her style has suffered on the occasion. The last picture is pretty, but it is chalky.

View of the Temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, by J. M. W. Turner, R. A.

We noticed this excellent work in our remarks upon the last year's Exhibition at Somerset-House; but the artist has slightly altered it since, by introducing a fountain, which heigthens the effect of the picture.

Cupid asleep—and *a Native of Poland*, by J. Jackson, A. R. A.

At a little distance, the first of these pictures is rich and clear, and something in the style of Sir Joshua Reynolds: but the latter is a more excellent production; it has great expression, and is very carefully coloured. This artist has been lately chosen an associate of the Royal Academy.

The Duke of Wellington's Entry into Madrid, a sketch, by W. Hilton, A. R. A.

This picture presents a gay and splendid scene, in a style that may be considered as partly Paul Veronese's and partly Rubens'; it unites many of the tints of both. As a sketch, it is truly admirable. The lively expression of the group, and the strong contrasts of colour and universal warmth, with a vigorous pencil, which it displays, give it a sprightly air, quite unusual with this artist.

Mother and Child, by A. Perigal, is excessively brilliant, and presents a great improvement in the style of this artist. The subject is rather common-place, but it is rendered agreeable by the fine colouring which the artist has introduced. There is a dark spot where the shadow begins in the neck near the collar, which is offensive to the eye; a very little lighter colour would here improve what now looks like a patch.

Entrance to a Forest—*Fishing*—*Lane-Scene*—and *the Country Churchyard*, by J. Stark.

This artist improves upon ac-

quaintance; his river scene is extremely well coloured. The breaking up of the clouds, the fine gleams of the sun, the forest scenery, and the sweet and natural tone of colouring which pervades these pictures, display a fine taste, which is heightened by some excellent execution.

The Dutch Passage-Boat, a Squall coming on, by C. W. Powell.

This is very tastefully executed. The clouds are in the style of Vandervelde, and the effect on the right-hand side of the picture is extremely striking.

View of Colickey Green, Essex, by Miss Landseer.

This lady has been very successful with this picture, which displays taste, judgment, and execution.

Studies from Nature, by A. Cooper.

In this sketch the artist maintains the celebrity he has so justly acquired in his drawings from animal life.

The Judgment of Daniel, by W. Brockedon.

This is a very large picture, in some parts of which a good deal of merit is observable, particularly in the group forcing the elder away. The character and expression of the principal group is not striking, neither is the countenance or figure of Susannah. The artist has also failed in giving sufficient force to the picture, the disadvantageous size of which renders the defect more glaring. Some of the subordinate parts are, however, well executed; but the general effect is not good.

An autumnal Evening, by R. R. Reinagle, A. R. A.

There was a little too much warmth in this picture when we saw it at the last Royal Academy Exhibition, but the artist has, by retouching, improved it since that period.

Hoffland's *Scene from the Cymon and Iphigenia of Boccacio*, Chalon's *Scene from Don Quixote*, and other good pictures that have been already exhibited, are in this gallery; but it would be a work of supererogation to dwell upon their merits, as we have already paid them our tribute at the last Royal Academy Exhibition.

SCULPTURE-ROOM.

The same observation applies to the works in the sculpture-room. Of Mr. Bailey's and Mr. Hiffernan's groups we have spoken at large when they were first submitted to the public. They are works which do honour to the rising merit of the British school. Henning's *Composition* is fine and spirited.

We cannot close our remarks upon the present Exhibition, without expressing our unfeigned satisfaction at the progress which it developes in the study of art. The British Institution has done much, and will, we are persuaded, do more to promote this laudable object; and if the exertions of the directors are backed by the support of an enlightened public, our artists may look forward to that, to which they shew themselves eminently entitled—PATRONAGE and INDEPENDENCE.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

A Set of the earliest Lessons for the the Use of Beginners on the Piano-Forte, containing many popular Airs, composed, selected, arranged, and fingered by J. F. Burrowes. Pr. 5s.

The lessons in this book are destined for the earliest stage of instruction, and appear to us well calculated for that purpose. Their progressive order, observance of one position of the hand, sparing indication of fingers, and the agreeable nature of the melodies, are so many recommendations in their favour. To render them still more useful, we could have wished the *tempi* had been marked according to the *Metronomic* Scale, in the same manner as the lessons in Maelzel's *Metronomic Tutor* for the piano-forte, of which we have given a full account in a recent number of the *Repository*. We become daily more firmly convinced of the eminent advantage to be derived from the Metronome in the tuition of beginners; this instrument cannot fail to render them exact with regard to time.

Le sans Souci, composed in the Style of a popular Rondo for the Piano-Forte, by J. F. Burrowes. Pr. 2s.

"Le sans Souci" consists of two movements in D major: an andantino, by way of introduction, in $\frac{6}{8}$; and a presto in $\frac{2}{4}$ time. Both are very meritorious: the andantino evinces throughout a good taste; its melody is select, the passages are natural and well connected, and among several cases of satisfactory harmonic contrivance, we may mention the transient modulation in the fourth and fifth bars. The quick movement is of a light but very pleasing texture: the subject is sprightly, and the parts deduced from it partake of the same character; although some of the modulations make claim to higher distinction, such as the bold transition to C (*p.* 5. *l.* 5). The whole of this publication is conceived in so natural, easy, and tasteful a style, that we feel called upon to accompany it with our decided recommendation. Performers of very moderate abilities may master it.

A new Rondo, with an Introduction for the Piano-Forte, composed, and respectfully inscribed to his Pupil, by W. H. Cutler, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Op. 17. Pr. 2s. 6d.

In this publication we perceive many traces of a meritorious degree of attention to selectness of harmony and melody. Common-place passages and expressions are as much as possible avoided; while, on the other hand, combinations of the higher order are resorted to. This is particularly the case in the slow movement, in which harmonies of very solemn import are most frequent. The rondo is lively and pleasing, the ideas are neat and fancifully diversified, the passages appropriate and unaffected, the occasional responsive imitations seasonably introduced, and the *tout-ensemble* brought forward and developed in a workmanlike style.

"*The mild Breeze of Eve*," *a favourite Song, sung by Mr. Pyne of the Theatre Royal Drury-lane, written by Mr. L. H. Cove, composed* by Geo. Fred. Harris. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The melody of this little ballad is agreeable, without exhibiting any thought of striking originality, or even of such a description as usage has not rendered us familiar with in compositions of this kind. The latter half of the introduction and some repletive symphonies are neatly devised, and the arrangement of the accompaniment evinces the author's taste and careful attention to harmonic propriety. As a favourable specimen, under this head, we may quote bar 9, *p.* 2. Here and there we meet with instances of metrical irregularity; *e. g.* "forsaken," *p.* 5, which is musically scanned fŏr săkēn, owing to the short note upon "*sa*" and the long one on "*ken.*" There are words in the English language, the pronunciation of which may perhaps justify the composer in assigning to the first syllable a short note, although it fall into the accented part of the bar, as *mother*, *willow*, &c.; but this sacrifice to good taste ought to be avoided as much as possible.

First Instructions for the Piano-Forte, containing the first Rudiments of Music, the first Principles of Fingering, and six original progressive Sonatinas, composed and set forth in a new and conspicuous manner, with a view to assist the Master and to advance the Pupil, by M. P. King.

Simplicity and great perspicuity are the leading characteristics of this little volume, in which the author appears to have confined himself to what is absolutely indispensable in the course of instruction, leaving it to the master to supply such parts as have been omitted with the above view. We heartily concur in the author's opinion of the Metronome, or Musical Time-keeper: "its principle," as Mr. K. truly observes, "is so certain, and its utility so great," that it cannot be too strongly recommended to pupils and students in general. As the six little sonatinas are metronomically numbered, the learner, by employing the Metronome, will not only know how quickly to play each movement, but he will likewise find in that instrument the best guide towards a steady observance of time. In numbering Sonatina IV. (viz. 84 crotchets per minute), it would have been well to add a small 3 to the crotchets, to indicate its subdivision into triplets.

THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS *from* NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

DIRECTIONS FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF INSECTS IN FLOWER-GARDENS.

(From *The Florist's Manual, or Hints for the Construction of a gay Flower-Garden.*)

WEATHER is not the only enemy from which we have to fear the destruction of our plants; insects of all kinds and degrees attack our seeds, our roots, and our flowers: hence directions for

the prevention of such depredators become a necessary part of a work which has for its object the exhibition of the floral world to its greatest advantage; and as amongst the various receipts given by all gardeners for the destruction of insects, I have not found any which may be esteemed efficacious, I hope I shall not appear too diffuse in my detail of the only method which, I believe, will clear our borders of these enemies, and which, if skilfully followed, may nearly effect their annihilation.

The simple and laborious mode of picking away the animal, is the only one to which recourse can be had with permanent advantage; and to give full efficacy to this method of rescuing our plants from caterpillars, snails, &c. our attacks must be made upon them at particular seasons, and a knowledge acquired of their history, so far as to enable us to have swarms of them destroyed in the destruction of an individual of the species: without, however, much research into their natural history, we may, from common observation, understand that in the winged insect we may free our plants from an innumerable tribe of those which crawl, and which, in that reptile state, have the capacity of devouring the whole product of a garden.

The two periods of change of form in the caterpillar species seem to afford the most advantageous times to put an end to their existence: as in the ephemeral butterfly, if timely attended to, we may destroy the animal before it has acquired the power of disseminating its young progeny; and, in the intermediate and voracious state of caterpillar, every single one which is prevented attaining the winged form, preserves our flowers from a host of enemies.

The green caterpillar is the most common foe to our flower-borders, and in autumn attacks the branches of mignonette in such numbers, as to afford an easy opportunity of their destruction. A more persevering enemy, and one more difficult to exterminate from gardens, is the snail, or common slug, which, forming its habitation under the soil, attacks the roots of flowers, and frequently destroys them, before the gardener can be aware of the mischief, but too often becoming visible only when past reparation. Under a vigilant eye, however, plants will not twice suffer from the enemy not being ostensible; as the symptoms of his vicinity may be marked by flowers perishing as they first emerge from their buds or bulbs, by leaves or petals being pierced in small holes, or having the appearance of being gnawed, or in growth, or from almost any failure in vigour which cannot be accounted for by external causes.

In my early acquaintance with the pernicious effect of snails, having observed a root of hepatica, which had been recently planted, fade and shew symptoms of some fatal malady, I caused it to be taken out of the ground, and found amongst the fibres of its roots a number of those beautiful pearl-like substances, which are the eggs of the snail. Having caused these, with some snails, which were also found amongst the roots, to be taken away, and the hepatica to be replanted, I soon perceived the

good effects of having dislodged the enemy, as the plant flourished from that period.

In cold or dry weather the snail rarely appears, but after warm showers it may generally be found; early in the morning and about the close of evening are the usual times of these insects coming abroad, when they may be picked up in large quantities. They will, however, frequently molest a plant for a length of time, without being visible; in which case, when there is reason to suspect the hidden attacks of snails, the only method to entrap them is to place a common garden-pot over the infested root, and it will rarely occur that the enemy is not discovered, as snails fasten themselves to the sides or tops of pots, boards, or mats so placed, and, thence, are easily taken. In droughty seasons it will be of use to water the plant before it is covered, as the moisture of the earth will be an additional motive of attraction to draw the animal from his hiding-place.

And here I must be allowed to recommend to all those, who, for the protection of their flowers and fruits, are obliged to destroy an order of creation, indubitably endowed with sensations of pleasure and pain, to take care that their existence is put an end to with humanity. If thrown immediately into water, the snail is instantly destroyed, and consequently can scarcely be susceptible of suffering.

The smaller insects which infest rose-trees and some herbaceous plants, can only be kept within moderate bounds by sweeping them from the branches, or by cutting off those whereon they are found in most profusion. In carrying off these diminutive enemies, birds are peculiarly serviceable: and a well-authenticated fact, which I have received, of the conduct of a hen with her chickens, seems to hint that we might render them of use in our gardens; although it may be doubtful whether the injury liable to be sustained by the scratching of their claws, would not counterbalance the advantage of the number of insects cleared away by their beaks. The fact was stated to me as follows:

A lady, whose garden was inclosed by a hedge of rose-trees, and which rose-trees were covered by swarms of minute insects, saw a hen lead her flock of chickens into the garden; her immediate intention was to have them driven out, but she soon perceived their eyes fixed upon the rose-trees, and watched them until they had satiated their appetites, and perfectly cleared some of the trees.

In the attention given to the habits of snails, it should be peculiarly exerted at the time when a plant is first put into the ground, and again when it puts forth its vernal buds; also when, after having flowered, the leaves begin to decay, at which period bulbs are apt to be lost, and most frequently in consequence of the attacks of snails, as at that time they are not only infested by the snails of complete growth, but also with numbers recently come forth from their eggs, and of a size scarcely equalling that of the head of a large pin; and these minute animals, if not destroyed, will deprive many bulbs, and also many buds of herbaceous plants, of their existence.

It is remarkable that insects ge-

nerally attack those plants which are least vigorous; and the reason of their selection of such leaves as are beginning to decay, may be, that, in their declining state, they have usually a peculiar sweetness, probably perhaps owing to some saccharine juices which are preparing for the nutriment of the bulb or bud which is forming in their bosoms; it being known to botanic philosophers, that the nascent vegetable derives its sustenance from the recrements of the one from which it takes its birth.

ON THE POPULATION OF AMERICA.

(From *Dr.* WILLIAMSON's *Observations on the Climate of America.*)

WE observe a regular systematical change in the colour, shape, and features of men, to the north and the south. From the climate of a fair skin, fine shape, and pleasing features, going to the northward the skin becomes of a blackish brown, the figure clumsy, and the features coarse. Going to the southward, in the same manner, we alter the complexion, shape, and features, until the skin becomes perfectly black, the shape in some countries less graceful, and the features coarse: the colour being altered according to the soil, situation, and climate, by the most regular and insensible deviations and shades.

These facts being considered, it being also observed, that every change is most proper and best adapted to the climate, or that it is the natural effect of such climate, there can be no moral or physical proposition more certain, than that all those people are descended from the same family.

The philosophers, who discovered several races of men on the old continent, have not failed to plant a new and distinct race of men in America. In support of this opinion, they allege that the American Indians do not differ from one another in colour, like the inhabitants of the other continent*: their colour, also, is different from that of any other people; that the American has no beard; that he is more frigid, more weak, and more cowardly than the inhabitants of the old continent.

This humble and subordinate character of the American savage has not always been urged as a direct proof, that he belongs to a separate race of men, for it has occasionally been advanced in the pride of country; a species of pride that will not suffer children to equal their ancestors; that makes it impossible for them to obtain such equality, because there is something in America, as they allege, "that is less favourable to the strength and perfection of animal creation."

The complexion of the American savage, or the sameness of colour that is observed among those people, forms the most remarkable trait in their character. When we observe in the old continent all the varieties of shades, from perfect white to perfect black, we are naturally surprised that in the new world, which extends to a higher degree of north and south latitude, including every habitable region,

* Raynal's *Phil. and Polit. Hist.*

there should not be a black man, nor one, as it has been alleged, who is perfectly white. The natives are generally of a reddish brown. Their colour seems to be a mixture of white and black, reddened by paint, or by the blood appearing through the skin, which is not thick. This again receives a brownish cast by more or less exposure to the weather.

On the whole continent of America there is not a black Indian, nor is there a spot for which a black skin is required. No winds prevail in America that rise on a hot surface or a sandy desert; nor is there any large tract within the tropics that is remarkably hot. The greater part of this continent is divided by a long chain of mountains, that extends from north to south. These mountains, the highest in the world, have an astonishing effect upon the climate on both sides of the continent. They lie across the trade winds, and cut them off, for they rise above the winds. They are generally distant about seventy or eighty miles from the Pacific Ocean, within the tropics; but the whole space between these mountains and the Pacific Ocean is so far from being parched by a hot vertical sun, that the inhabitants enjoy the most pleasing temperature. There is a sandy desert, nearly one hundred miles in extent, between Sachara and Lima, about the seventh degree of south latitude. Such an expanse of dry sand, under a vertical sun, in any part of the other continent, would produce great heat, and give a sable colouring to the people in its vicinity; but in the province of Lima it can produce no such effect, because the wind in those regions ought to blow from the east; but there are mountains in that direction, at no great distance, covered with perpetual snow.

The trade winds to the eastward of the Andes are checked by these mountains; there they deposit all the water with which they had been charged. The quantity of rain in that region being great, the process of evaporation must also be great, whereby the heat of the atmosphere is moderated. A reddish brown, with a tawny cast, is the darkest colour that can be expected in such a climate. America, on both sides of the Andes, above the tropics, should produce, as in some parts of the old continent in similar latitudes, a brown or dusky race of men, until we reach a high degree of latitude; and it is very questionable, whether a race of men, perfectly fair, will ever be found to preserve that complexion for many ages, in any part of America to the eastward of the Cordilleras, except in high latitudes and near the coast. There are not any people on the old continent perfectly fair, except those who live in high latitudes, where the westerly winds come from the sea, at no great distance, so tempered as not to be very sharp nor very dry. This rule applies to Great Britain and Ireland, to the Germans, Danes, Swedes, and Circassians*; but going to the eastward in the same latitude, as we depart from the ocean or the Black Sea, having more dry land to the

* London in latitude 51°, Prague 50°, Copenhagen 55°, Circassia 45°, having the Black Sea and the Sea of Asoph to the south-west and north-west.

windward, by which the air is charged with sundry exhalations, the skin changes its colour; it ceases to be perfectly fair. There is not, in the eastern part of Asia, between the extremes of heat and cold, a nation perfectly fair. The best complexions are found near the head of the Ganges, among the mountains of Thibet. We may discover a concurrence of circumstances in the British Isles, and near the German Ocean, not found in many other places, which are necessary to a fair skin. They are little exposed to the warm sun; they have little intense cold, and their winds usually come from a watery surface. Their westerly winds are from the ocean, and their atmosphere is loaded with moisture. They have not much rain, but their showers are of long continuance; they have much dark cloudy weather, and the rays of the sun are feeble when he visits the inhabitants. They never experience that warm clear sun which freckles or tans the skin; nor those long intense colds, which injure the cutaneous nerves, and produce a reddish brown. While America remained a great forest, inhabited by savages, under the constant dominion of westerly winds, there was not any climate on the eastern coast in which we could expect a fair skin. By the progress of cultivation, the general course of the winds is materially affected in the middle and northern states; and in the process of time we may expect such a prevalence of easterly winds near the coast in these states, as shall prevent that tendency of complexion to the clear brunette, which prevails in temperate climates in other parts of the world.

Although no part of America is fitted to the production of a black skin, nor would many parts of this continent be expected to produce a skin perfectly fair, among the original inhabitants, we are not to believe, as some writers have alleged, that the American Indians are all of one colour. Their skin is tinged with a variety of shades between white and black; but there are Indians, as we are told, above the latitude of 45 degrees north, who are nearly white; and there are Indians in Guiana and Brazil, at a distance from the coast, whose skins are very dark. I was informed by the Little Turtle, who is a chief of the Miami tribe of the lakes, and has an extensive acquaintance with the Indians, that the northern Indians are much fairer than those who live in warm climates; except that Indians, who live near the lakes, and are much exposed to the sun, in fishing and swimming, have darker skins than other northern Indians. He understands that Indians who live northward from the sources of the Mississippi, are fairer than those of his own nation, who live in the opposite direction.

The Indians at Matagrassa, as we are told by Condamine, are of different shades, according to the elevation of the country, some of them being almost fair*. The testimony of Molina is also very explicit on this subject. "The natives of Chili form but one nation, which is divided into various tribes, who have a similar physiognomy, and speak the same tongue, which may be called the Chilese language. It is soft, harmonious, regular, and abounding in words that

* *Voyage* de Condamine.

in all cases are fit to express not only physical but moral and abstract ideas. These people are of a brown coppery colour; but the Boroani, who are situated in the centre of the province of Arauco, in the thirty-ninth degree of south latitude, are white and red, with blue eyes and fair hair, like the Europeans who are born in the middle of the northern temperate zone. Their features are regular, and some of them are beautiful*."

When South America shall be well cultivated, the timber cut down, the quantity of rain diminished, stagnant pools dried, and the rivers contained within their proper banks, the easterly winds being checked by the warmer surface of cultivated lands, a dusky race of men, nearly black, are to be expected in Brazil, about the latitude of Cape St. Roque; for that is the only part of America in which the progress of industry may darken the skin, notwithstanding the effects of civilization.

As no proof can be given that the American Indians are a new race of men, I shall consider the other trite allegation, that "animal nature degenerates in America." This opinion, advanced by the eloquent Buffon, and supported by many arguments, has also been repeated by Dr. Robertson, the Abbé Raynal, and by other writers. The most remarkable appearance is, that "all animals in America, including those which have been naturalized to the climate, are commonly inferior in size to those of the old continent. Nature appears, in that new world, to have finished her works upon a smaller scale.

"There seems therefore to be, in the combination of elements, and other physical causes, in this new world, something that is opposed to the amplification of animated nature. There are some obstacles to the developement, and perhaps to the formation of great germs.

"Although the savage of America is nearly of the same stature with men of the other continent, this is not a sufficient exception to the general contraction of animated nature through that whole continent. The American savage . . . . has no hair, no beard, no ardour for his female. Though nimbler than the European, because he is more accustomed to running, his strength is not so great. His sensations are less acute, but he is at the same time more timid and cowardly. He is without vivacity or enterprise*."

"America gives birth to no creature of such bulk as to be compared with the elephant or rhinoceros, nor that equals the lion or tiger in strength and ferocity. The same qualities, in the climate of America, which stinted the growth and enfeebled the spirit of its native animals, have proved pernicious to such as have migrated into it voluntarily from the old continent, or have been transported thither by the Europeans.

"Most of the domestic animals with which the Europeans stored

* *Compendio de la Historia geografica natural y civil del Regno de Chile,* por el Abate Don Juan Ignatio Molina.—I have not seen the Italian original, but I presume that the Spanish translation is correct.

* Buffon.

the provinces when they settled there, have degenerated with respect to bulk and quality, in a country whose temperature and soil seem to be less favourable to the strength and perfection of the animal creation*."

(To be continued.)

* Dr. Robertson's *History of America*.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 16.—OPERA DRESS.

A BLUE crape dress over a white satin slip; the dress trimmed round the skirt with a deep blond lace, which is headed with a light and novel trimming, composed of white floss silk and small pearl beads: this trimming is surmounted with a beautiful deep embroidery of lilies, surrounded by leaves. The body and sleeves of this dress, as our readers will perceive by our print, are extremely novel. Head-dress, *tocque à la Berri;* it is a crown of a novel form, tastefully ornamented round the top with lilies to correspond with the trimming of the skirt, and a plume of white feathers, which droop over the face. Ear-rings, necklace, and bracelets, sapphire mixed with pearl. The hair dressed in loose light ringlets on the forehead, and disposed in full curls in the back of the neck. White kid gloves, and white satin slippers.

PLATE 17.—EVENING DRESS.

A soft white satin gown, made a walking length, cut very low round the back of the neck, and slanting down at each side of the bosom, so as to meet at the bottom of the waist in front. A narrow cestus of lilac satin, disposed in folds, and finished by a bow in front, goes round the waist. The trimming of this dress is swansdown, disposed with much taste and novelty: there are three rows round the skirt, each of which is ornamented with a lilac bow in front. A row of swansdown goes up the front and round the bosom; it is so disposed, that it displays a white lace tucker. The back is quite tight to the shape. *Chemisette*, long sleeve, made very loose and drawn close to the wrist, which is trimmed with swansdown and a bow of lilac ribbon; a bow to correspond loops up the fulness on the shoulder. Head-dress, the imperial *tocque,* composed of white satin; the front, in the form of a tiara, is superbly ornamented with pearls; the crown is set in full; it is of a very moderate height: a plume of white feathers, placed upright in front, finishes this *tocque.* The hair is disposed in light curls over the forehead, and low at the sides. White spotted silk shoes, and white kid gloves. Necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets, of pearl.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Notwithstanding the fineness of the weather, our fair pedestrians still continue to wear those warm dresses so appropriate to the season. Cloth and velvet pelisses

and walking dresses are as high as ever in estimation; but poplin and stout sarsnet walking dresses, with velvet spencers, are also considered very genteel. Waists still continue perfectly Grecian; the backs of dresses have rather decreased in breadth, and tight bodies are much more general than loose ones: we see, however, a good many of the former still worn by very tonish *belles*.

Fur still continues to be a favourite trimming for pelisses, and we have noticed this season the greatest variety we have ever seen of fancy furs; sable is also very general: fur trimmings are always worn very broad.

Velvet, white merino cloth, fancy poplin, and striped sarsnet, are all in estimation in the carriage costume, or for the first style of promenade dress. Chenille begins to be very generally used in trimmings; we have noticed some fringe composed entirely of it, and it is also much worn in narrow edgings for satin trimmings. We have seen two or three ornamental gimps of a light tasteful appearance; they are used either to edge satin trimmings, or else they are intermixed with the satin. One of the most elegant carriage dresses that we have seen is composed of white merino cloth: the skirt trimmed with green satin, which is drawn up in scollops. These scollops are edged and surmounted by a narrow gimp, something darker than the satin; and each of them is finished by a small silk ornament, to correspond with the gimp. The body is made high, and without any fulness; it is ornamented round the throat in a novel and tasteful manner, with an intermixture of white cloth and green satin. The long sleeve, of a moderate fulness, is finished towards the wrist by folds of green satin, which are intermixed with the cloth of the sleeve, and placed up the arm about half a quarter; the fulness is then loose to the shoulder, which is finished with a small half-sleeve to correspond with the trimming of the skirt. This dress is uncommonly tasteful; and, as it was introduced for a lady of very high rank, we do not doubt that it will continue a favourite through the spring.

A very considerable alteration has taken place in the shape of bonnets since our last number; beautiful Leghorn bonnets, the crowns of which are lower and the fronts deeper than they have been worn for some time back, are in the greatest estimation with *belles* of the *haut ton*. The Gloucester hat in white velvet, lined with white satin, is also a very general favourite; it is an uncommonly pretty shape—an oval crown of a moderate height, and a small turned-up front; it is ornamented with a plume of down feathers, which always correspond with the dress.

Heavy materials are still in requisition with some *élégantes* for the morning costume, but muslin is infinitely more fashionable. The dishabille which we are about to describe is the most tasteful that has appeared for a considerable time; it is just introduced, and promises to become a very great favourite.

A petticoat of the finest Scotch cambric, ornamented with a profusion of small tucks, and finished at the bottom by a triple fall of nar-

row worked points. Over this petticoat is worn a short open dress, made perfectly tight to the shape; the body extremely short in the waist, and the skirt gored at each side of the back, so that there is no fulness whatever at the waist. The body is of a three-quarter height; it slopes on each side of the bosom till it meets at the waist, from whence it goes off to the bottom in a round slope. A pelerine cape, of a singularly novel and pretty form, goes round the bosom, and the entire of the dress is trimmed with points to correspond with the skirt. A long sleeve, which has very little fulness, is ornamented from the wrist about half a quarter up the arm with five byas pieces of muslin, which are put round the arm, and confined by very narrow muslin bands. This part of the sleeve, which is open, is buttoned down to the wrist, where it is finished by a narrow frill of pointed work. A broad piece of work is let in up the middle of the sleeve, which is edged at each side with narrow points of work. A *fichu*, composed of clear worked muslin, made so as to leave the throat entirely bare, and trimmed with pointed lace, is worn with this dress, as is also a *cornette* of a remarkably simple and elegant form: it is composed of British net; the lower part a French mob; the crown, rather full, but not high, is drawn in behind in such a manner as to form a bunch of lace, which stands up at the back of the head. The cap comes only to the division of the front hair, of which it does not conceal any part. A large bow of broad satin ribbon is placed on the middle of the forehead, and a narrow lace border goes all round the cap, but is put on quite plain.

We examined this dress with particular attention, because we conceived that nothing could be better adapted for the breakfast attire of those ladies who wish to combine simplicity and neatness with fashion and elegance.

The materials for dinner dress still continue the same as last month. We have observed, however, a very novel and pretty body, composed of letting-in lace and satin ribbon to correspond with the colour of the skirt; the lace is nearly two inches broad, but the ribbon is very narrow: the form is a frock, which buttons behind with very small silk buttons, to correspond with the ribbon; the back is byas, and so contrived that the ribbon meets and forms a point at each button; the front is similar, except that, instead of buttons, it is ornamented with three small bows of narrow ribbon. The sleeve is long, and wider than they are worn in general; it is composed of British net, slashed with letting-in lace, and ornamented with bows of narrow satin ribbon, to correspond with the body.

Gauze, British net, crape, and satin, are universally worn in full dress. Besides the two elegant dresses which we have given our readers in our prints for this month, we have noticed one on a lady of high rank and undoubted taste, which is extremely novel, and must be generally becoming to matronly *belles:* it is an open robe of black satin, and is worn over a white satin petticoat. The petticoat is trimmed with blond, a double flounce of which is put on very full, and

surmounted with puffings composed of white satin and blond, with a small pearl rosette in the middle of each. The robe is made a walking length; it is open in front, made tight to the shape, and very short in the waist, which is fastened in front by a clasp composed of precious stones, to correspond with the necklace; and the robe is sloped on each side of the front, so as to display the petticoat, and is trimmed round with an embroidery of Provence roses, between each of which is placed a small bouquet of rose-buds and myrtle-leaves: the effect of this trimming is extremely beautiful, and its vivid hues form a striking contrast to the sombre colour of the dress. The sleeve is long, and composed of black satin; one large slash of white satin, which is nearly half a quarter and nail in length, goes from the wrist up the arm; it is braided across with pearl, and small pearl buttons are thickly set on each side; a pelerine of Mechlin lace is tacked under the embroidery round the bosom. Long sleeves are now so prevalent in full dress, that we see scarcely any others; they are, in our opinion, extremely unappropriate to *grand costume*, but the ordinances of Fashion are too frequently in opposition to the laws of true taste.

The hair in full dress does not display the forehead quite so much as last month, but it falls lower on each side of the face; part of the hind hair is braided, and the remainder is disposed in bows, which are brought very far back.

Tocques are still in the highest estimation in full dress; but their shapes have varied since our last number: we refer our fair readers to our prints for the two shapes most in favour. The materials of which these head-dresses are composed, are either velvet, satin, or gauze; crape is worn only when it corresponds with the dress. Black velvet, enriched with jewels, and ornamented with plumes of feathers, is very much adopted by matronly ladies.

Half-wreaths of exotics, placed very far back upon the head, are worn by very juvenile *élégantes*, as are also bouquets composed of the earliest flowers of spring.

We have no alteration to notice in jewellery since last month.

Fans have rather decreased in size lately; white crape fans, richly embroidered in silver, are most fashionable at present.

The most fashionable boot for the promenade is composed, the lower part of leather, and the upper part of stout silk or jean, to correspond with the dress.

Dress slippers, particularly for balls, are frequently made of silver tissue; but white satin and spotted silk embroidered in coloured silks, are also very fashionable.

Fashionable colours for the month are, green, slate-colour, purple, pale mouse-colour, and ruby.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Feb. 18, 1817.

My dear SOPHIA,

THE fineness of the weather since I wrote last, has afforded our *élégantes* an opportunity of displaying the versatility of their taste in dress. Witzchouras and carricks have in a great measure given place

to spencers, pelisses, and rich shawls. The hussar spencer is at present a great favourite: it is composed either of velvet or fine merino cloth; the waist is very short; a small collar stands up round the throat, which is sloped out in front; two or three falls of lace, of a moderate breadth, are just visible above the collar. The front is ornamented on each side with frogs, and braided across. The sleeve, nearly tight to the arm, is very tastefully ornamented at the wrist with frogs and braiding; a roll of cloth forms a small half-sleeve. This is the most novel spencer at present, and it is really smart and tasteful.

Pale puce-coloured velvet pelisses are also in request: they are open in front, and partially display the white dress generally worn underneath. One of the prettiest that I have seen, is lined with white sarsnet, and cut round in scollops of about an inch and half in breadth; these scollops have a very light edging of swansdown. A spencer is attached to it, which is composed of satin, a little lighter than the velvet; the pelisse is cut down behind very low in the back of the neck, and the front slopes so as to display the satin body underneath; a row of points, edged to correspond, falls over, which has a very pretty effect: it is finished at the throat by a very novel kind of ruff, composed of satin points, wired at the edge to keep them out, and mixed with puffings of white blond. This pelisse is well calculated for *belles* of a light and graceful figure, such as your own, my Sophia; but short or clumsy ladies, several of whom wear it, look worse in it than any thing which has been fashionable for some time.

The most fashionable material for bonnets at present is beaver; silk plush, which has been so long in request, is now used only for trimming dresses. Flowers, of which such a variety were worn a few weeks since, have entirely disappeared; but their place is profusely supplied by ribbons and feathers. There is a little alteration in the shape of the bonnets since I wrote last; the fronts are now worn larger, and project a good deal more than they did. The crowns, both of hats and bonnets, continue a very moderate and becoming height. Velvet is next in estimation to beaver, but satin is very partially worn.

The most fashionable velvet hats are trimmed with a half-wreath of endive made of ribbon, which is placed to one side of the front. Black, white, and rose-colour are most in request for hats; but amaranth, citron-colour, and dark green, are also considered elegant. Linings of hats are generally rose-colour: lilac was very fashionable for linings, but it is now nearly exploded.

Cambric muslin is in very high estimation for the morning costume. The most fashionable dishabille is the *chemisette:* it is an open robe, nearly a quarter of a yard shorter than the petticoat; the skirt is gored, so as to throw considerable fulness behind. The body is loose, and confined to the waist by a coloured sash. The body comes up to the throat, but is made without a collar, and the fulness of the muslin is confined to the shape of the neck by three rows of gauging, at about an inch distant from each other. The sleeve is rather loose; it is finished at the wrist to cor-

respond with the neck, and is drawn up at the shoulders in three places, which are ornamented with bows of ribbon to correspond with the sash. The trimming is a single row of work all round, headed with puffings of muslin; a small white button, of the sugar-loaf form, confines each puffing. This is a pretty simple morning dress; it is very much worn, and as the *formalists* and *dashers* have in some degree ceased their hostilities, it is adopted by both parties.

Coloured satins, trimmed round the skirt with one row of white satin vandykes, are partially worn in full dress. There is one just introduced, called the robe *à la Infanta*, the effect of which is pretty and singular enough. I saw it last night, for the first time, at a supper given by Madame D'A——, and as it was worn by a very dashing *marquise*, I am inclined to think it will become general. It is composed of green satin; the body is cut very low all round the bust; the back is slashed up the middle with white satin; there are three slashes; the green satin fastens over with little straps, each of which is ornamented with a pearl button. The shape of the bosom is formed by a slash on each breast. Spanish long sleeves, slashed to correspond.

White crape or gauze is the only material used for full dress by juvenile *élégantes;* it is worn over white soft satin or rich white sarsnet slips, and is trimmed with folds of crape, which are confined by bands of white silk trimming, placed over the crape in the form of diamonds. The body is made of folds of crape, which form the shape of the bosom in a very pretty manner. The back is also formed of folds, which are brought down to the middle of the waist almost in a point; a large white satin bow and long ends, placed in the middle of the back, finish the waist. The sleeve, which is very short, is also formed of folds of crape, which are confined by bands of silk trimming.

Although this dress is pretty and tasteful, it displays the neck in a very indelicate style; or rather, I should say, the back of the neck: if worn with a tucker, it would be at once delicate and becoming; but they are little used by our fair fashionables.

The present style of hair-dressing is half Chinese: a few light ringlets are suffered to stray over the forehead; the hind hair, combed up as tight as possible, is plaited, and disposed in the form of a coronet on the summit of the head. This is the style of hair-dressing adopted by very juvenile *belles*, who place bunches of amaranths, roses, or auriculas in their hair in front. *Tocques* and turbans continue to be worn by all the *élégantes* who have passed the spring of life. The most fashionable of these head-dresses is the *tocque à la diademe*, composed of dark green, black, or amaranth-coloured velvet; its name will explain to you its shape: it is always decorated with feathers and jewels, and is a particular favourite with majestic beauties.

Small white satin hats, the front coloured with embroidered *tulle*, and edged with down feathers, a plume of which is also placed at the side, are much in request; as are rose and citron-coloured vel-

vet hats, ornamented with flat feathers, one half of which are white and the other half the colour of the hat. These hats have a moderate-sized crown; and the front, which is round, turns up either in front or on one side. *Cornettes* continue as much worn as ever in half dress, and I shall describe to you some extremely pretty ones when I write again.

The only alteration which I here observe in jewellery, is, that rings, with very loyal mottoes, which are generally composed of coloured gems, begin to be worn by those ladies who affect an enthusiastic veneration for the king. I can scarcely repress my indignation when I behold *parvenues*, who, owing every thing to the Revolution, and detesting in their hearts the very name of Bourbon, come forward with the most ostentatious expression of love and loyalty to their monarch; while, by their dark machinations, they spread division and unhappiness in his family, and rob him of the best affections of his subjects. But I think I hear you exclaim at the inconsistency which leads me from a dissertation on dress, to politics. I shall cut it short, however, by assuring you, that I am always your

EUDOCIA.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ACKERMANN has in the press a seventh edition of the *Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque*, with a set of new engravings by Mr. Rowlandson: and also an edition of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, printed in the same size and style as the above, and illustrated by the same artist.

Mr. Ackermann has also in the press, a work on the *Costume of the Netherlands*, illustrated by thirty coloured engravings: it will be completed in three monthly parts.

A new edition, being the sixth, of Warden's *Letters*, written on board the Northumberland and at St. Helena, is in great forwardness, and will appear in a few days.

In a few days will be published, *Ponsonby*, in two vols. 8vo.

Early in March will be published, *The Triumph of Love*, and other poems, by Howard Fish.

Mr. Charles Mills has in the press, in one volume 8vo. *A History of Muhammedanism*, or *a View of the religious, political, and literary Annals of the Disciples of the Arabian Prophet.*

The Rev. Hugh Pearson, of St. John's College, Oxford, will publish early in March, *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the late Dr. Claudius Buchanan.*

The author of the Guide to Domestic Happiness will soon publish *Gethsemane*, or *Thoughts on the Sufferings of Christ*, in small 8vo.

The seventh and eighth volumes of the new edition and continuation of Campbell's *Lives of the Admirals*, which complete the work, are just ready for delivery.

Major Rennell is printing *Illustrations of the History of the Younger Cyrus, and Retreat of the Ten Thousand Greeks*, with explanatory maps.

Mr. Isaac Blackburn, ship-builder at Plymouth, has ready for the press, *A Treatise on the Science of*

Ship-Building, in a 4to. volume, illustrated by more than 120 figures and tables.

Miss Edgeworth has in the press a volume of comic Dramas.

Mr. John Scott is printing *The House of Mourning*, a poem, with some smaller pieces.

Miss Emily Greaves is preparing for publication, *Select Amatory Poems*, with *Essays on the Passions and Affections of the Mind.*

Mr. Jamieson is engaged upon a translation of Madame Genlis' last novel, *Les Battuecas.*

Brief Remarks on Mr. Warden's Letters from St. Helena, respecting the conduct of Bonaparte and his suite, are in the press.

Sarah Renou has nearly ready for publication the third and last volume of *Village Conversations*, or *the Vicar's Fireside.* This work contains a classification of the various orders of the human mind, and comprises a general survey of the most important subjects, combined with a free inquiry into the nature of good and evil, as connected with individual happiness and general well-being.

Mrs. Peck, the author of several popular novels, is engaged upon a National Tale, founded upon some extraordinary facts in the history of Ireland during the seventh century.

Mr. Godwin has in the press a new novel, entitled *Mandeville*, a domestic story of the seventeenth century, in three volumes.

A work of very general utility will be published in the course of the present month, entitled *The Bible Class-Book*, or *Scripture-Readings for every Day in the Year*; being three hundred and sixty-five lessons, selected from the most interesting and instructive parts of the Sacred Scriptures. This selection is made upon the plan recommended by Dr. Watts, and though its chief aim is that of becoming a school class-book for youth in all stations of life and of every religious denomination (for doctrinal and controversial points have been studiously omitted), yet it will be found equally beneficial in all families: to persons of mature age, as well as to youth; to the heads of establishments, as well as to servants; and to the manufacturing classes of the community.

The Rev. Mr. Broome has enlarged his *Selections* from the works of those eminent divines Fuller and South, and they will be published in the course of the present month, as a second edition.

A small volume upon the *Art of making, managing, flavouring, colouring, preserving, and recovering all Kinds of Wines, Spirits, and Compounds, with Directions for Brewing, &c.* by Mr. R. Westney, will be published in a few days.

The first number of a set of Engravings (to be completed in three numbers) of the Altar-tombs, Effigies, and Monuments found within the county of Northampton, from the drawings of Mr. Hyett, will be published about the latter end of March.

The metropolis is justly considered as the seat of every improvement in art and science, and no less is it the seat of humanity. The late establishment of a dispensary for the diseases of the ear, will fill up that chasm which was alone wanting to complete the charitable institutions; and by its being un-

der the superintendence of an eminent physician and surgeon, the latter Mr. Curtis, of Soho-square, aurist to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, it cannot fail to be attended with all the benefits which may be expected in the hands of one so zealous for the improvement of the profession, as shewn by his mechanical contrivancies for relief of deafness, noticed in a former number of this work.

Mr. William Hobday, of Bristol, has addressed the following letter to the conductor of one of the newspapers of that city:—"A report having been industriously circulated, that the late Mr. Richard Reynolds did not sit to me for the portrait now exhibiting at my rooms in Small-street, I feel myself called upon thus publicly to contradict an insinuation, as unjustifiable in its intentions as it is unfounded in fact. Not only did the venerable philanthropist sit for the picture in question, but for three others previously to it, but not without the repeated and earnest solicitations of some of his most valued friends. The first portrait was for the late Mr. Birtil, of Redcliff-street; the second was for Mr. Reynolds's son, now residing at Colebrook Dale; and the third, if I am correctly informed, was for his daughter, Mrs. Rathbone. The picture which is now exhibiting at my rooms, I am proud to say, was painted for my own gratification—a condescension and mark of personal kindness towards me, on the part of Mr. Reynolds, which I shall ever remember with sensations of pleasure. At the last interview I had with that excellent man in my painting-room, a short time previously to his departure for Cheltenham, after sitting for the final corrections of the portrait, he read, from a memorandum in his pocket-book, the chapter which he wished to appear on the leaf of the Testament held in the hand in the picture, and also a list of his favourite authors, whose names he requested might be placed on the volumes seen in the back ground; which memorandum was copied at the time, and is still in my possession. I sincerely confess, that the object nearest my heart, is to see the splendid talents of Mr. Sharp employed in transmitting to posterity the form of one of the brightest and most glorious characters that ever graced the Christian world, thereby at once raising a monument of our good Samaritan, and a memorial of the fine arts, which would be a lasting honour to our country."

A correspondent proposes the following mathematical question:—If a^2+b equal a whole uneven number, can $a\,b$ equal the same, or any other whole uneven number, without the aid of impossible quantities in the research?

Poetry.

THE POET'S PETITION.

Sweet lady! grant one smile to me,
And I will weave a wreath for thee;
Untouch'd by summer's parting sigh,
Untinged by autumn's dark blue sky,
Its buds shall breathe, its essence glow,
And live amidst December's snow.
Perchance its tendrils may not boast
The brilliance of Italia's coast,
Nor may its balmy influence bear
A sweetness to the common air:

Each beauty nourish'd in the shade,
From which its circling joys were made,
Have only caught the warming ray,
Reflected from the face of day,
In that sweet, soft delicious hour
When minstrelsey exerts her power,
And lends to the enraptur'd moon
The smile of summer's brightest noon.
It will not meet a flatterer's lip,
Nor can the proud its dew-drop sip;
'Tis simple as the poet's taste,
Although not form'd on dreary waste;
'Tis artless as the poet's thought;
'Tis careless as the hand that sought
The sweets that o'er its petals shine,
And ask, dear Katherine, to be thine.
Then, lady, wilt thou smile on me,
And take the wreath I bring to thee?

STANZAS,

Suggested by some Lines of Lord BYRON.

Oh! could I feel as I have felt—or be what I have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept, o'er many a vanish'd scene:
As springs, in deserts found, seem sweet, all brackish tho' they be;
So midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears would flow to me.

Lord BYRON.

Aye!—but those hours of dear delight
No time shall again restore;
They have fled, like the dreams of a happy night,
To visit the soul no more!
As the world expanded on the view,
As life advanced, and reason grew,
Like morning dew-drops on a summer spray,
The *tears of feeling* dried away.

The warm emotions of early youth
With early youth expire;
The stern convictions of sober truth
Soon quench that brilliant fire:
Pure and ethereal is the blaze,
But it weakens in the lapse of days,
And year on year but chills the sacred glow,
Like falling flakes of winter snow.

There *was* an age when the winged soul
Like a meteor-spark was driven,
When it stooped to every soft controul,
And burnt with the light of heaven;
When the native splendour of its beam
Hung far and wide such holy gleam,
That e'en the paths of error falsely shone
With a glorious lustre not their own.

The pulses throbb'd responsive then
To all that is bright and fair,
And whate'er seem'd good or great in men
The bosom sigh'd to share:
O'er all our joys a blissful smile,
Radiant as noonday, blush'd the while,
And in our very tears there seem'd to be
A something more than luxury.

And, oh! when beauty chanced to move
The spirit's wild emotion,
It was not friendship, was not love—
'Twas *rapture* and *devotion!*
But the fading fervour died away,
Like twinkling star at dawn of day;
'Twas but the vision of romantic joy,
That only sooths the pensive boy.

In stubborn manhood's riper years
We quit the fairy scene;
We cannot shed our former tears,
Nor be what we have been:
Those tend'rer feelings soon depart,
In strange succession, from the heart,
Dropping from all, as they have dropt from thee,
Like the faded leaves of a willow-tree.

And thus, as envious time goes past,
We look with a colder eye;
And the frequent changes of life at last
Scarce prompt an anxious sigh:
So freeze in winter's sullen gale
The limpid waters of the vale;
Still, as in vernal heavens, the sun may glow,
But the sparkling stream has ceased to flow.

Yet oft in the lone and dreary hour
Of solitude and pain,
The soul, reclined in memory's bower,
Would dream its youth again;
And it may be, she sleeps perchance
For a moment in her schoolboy-trance,

And conjures up a visionary shade
Of parted pleasures long decay'd.

Perhaps the mind may thus recall
The mood it once could wear,
And sweet remembrances, that fall
Like moonlight shadows there:
So when the summer sun hath set,
Reflected sunshine lingers yet,
And mimic colours, as of orient light,
Hang on the cloudy skirts of night.
But, ah! 'tis Prosper's wand alone
A bright deceit hath shed,
And o'er ideal phantoms thrown
A semblance of the dead:
The feelings that were ours at first,
We feel again—but not as erst,
When youth and innocence were on the brow;—
'Twas *nature* then—'tis *fancy* now!

OSCAR.

SONG,

Written by Mrs. WILMOT SERRES.

At eve as I traverse the moor,
Pale meteors are passing the air;
Yet faithless as him I adore,
They leave me to gloom and despair.

Tho' so vivid and beauteous they seem,
Inconstant they fly from my view;
The moment they spangle the stream,
That moment they take their adieu.

Once bless'd with the smiles of my love,
My passion he saw was sincere;
Yet he left me each sorrow to prove,
His absence to mourn with a tear.

Destroy'd are the hopes of my youth;
Lone Echo responses the sigh—
He's false, yet the victim of truth,
I cherish his image, and die!

LINES,

Written on reading a very inexplicable Ode by the late Poet-Laureate PYE.

Oh! Pye, when next a crust you make,
Prithee *plain materials* take;
That all who eat may understand—
Your flour and butter's *of this land.*

O. W. S.

SONG, *by* T. JONES.

Whence comes, sweet maid, that trembling tear
Which sparkles on your blooming cheek?
Ah! whence those sighs that meet my ear,
And feeling's strongest language speak?
Oh! let me kiss the gem away,
And re-illume that sparkling eye;
Recall my charmer to the day,
Dispel the tear, and hush the sigh!

Does pity for some honour'd friend
With grief subdue thy tender breast?
Oh! banish grief, that brow unbend,
And let me lull thee into rest.
Or is it love? Then bless the day,
For, ah! the gentle tear and sigh
Its worth and truth at once display,
And drain each cup of sorrow dry!

It is—it is—the youthful boy
Has to the richest mansion stray'd
That e'er was form'd for love and joy!
And will you then be mine, sweet maid?
Oh! let me clasp thee to my heart,
And on that bosom's softness lie!
Life's low'ring storms shall now depart—
Here let me live, and love, and die!

SONG, *by* T. JONES.

When Zephyr bore mild Evening's sigh,
And warblers sought the leafy shade,
When Phœbus faintly deck'd the sky,
I sought my Flora, lovely maid!
I rambled o'er each grove and plain,
To meet my ever-blooming fair,
And anxious thus increas'd my pain,
For, ah! no joy—no joy was there.

I chid the lagging hour of day,
And time, whose course appear'd delay'd;
I chid bright Cynthia's rising ray,
And call'd aloud the lovely maid:
When, ah! the voice of her I love
Dispell'd each thought of dark despair,
And soon I found her in the grove—
When, ah! what joy—what joy was there!

L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.

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THE SECOND SERIES.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, *will be acceptable.*

We beg leave to call the attention of such of our readers as feel an interest in the progress of the Fine Arts, to the endeavours now making for introducing the Lithographic Process *in this country. The specimen given in this number will afford some idea of its peculiar fitness for a variety of works.*

The numerous announcements of books already published *that continue to be transmitted to us, render it necessary to repeat an intimation which we have several times given, that we have no place for such articles except on our Advertisement Sheet. All notices of* works in hand, or in the press, *are admitted gratuitously among our* Literary Intelligence.

The Magic Volume—The Two Sisters, or the Influence of an amiable Disposition—*and* Address to the United Service Club, *in our next.*

ERRATA.

No. XIV. p. 121. In *Stanzas* by J. M. LACEY, line 6, for *evening* read *waning*.
——— p. 122. In *Midnight Sketch*, by Miss CAMPBELL, line 12, for *twinkling* read *twinkle*.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S ... MAHAL

FINE ARTS.

ARCHITECTURAL HINTS.

PLATE 19.—A COTTAGE.

ORNAMENTAL buildings of a rural character have been so generally adopted during the last twenty years, that the principles on which they are designed have become fully understood, and a sort of systematized disposition of their parts, as also of the materials with which they are composed, has taken place: hence the eye expects to find in the humblest tenements a tasteful display of this order of rural architecture, if it may be so called. Vitruvius, and the best authors who have followed him, endeavour to trace the origin of regular architecture up to that period when buildings of wood were the habitations of man; the roofs being chiefly supported by trunks of trees, to which, in process of time, by an insensible progress succeeded the polished orders of Grecian and Roman architecture. "Mankind," says Sir William Chambers, "improving in the art of building, invented methods to make their huts lasting and handsome, as well as convenient. They took off the bark and other unevennesses from the trunks of trees that formed the sides, raised them probably above the dirt and humidity on stones, and covered each of them with a flat stone or slate to keep off the rain. The spaces between the ends of the joists were closed with clay, wax, or some other substance, and the ends of the joists were covered with thin boards, cut in the manner of triglyphs. The roof was raised in the middle, to throw off the rains that fell in great abundance in the winter season, giving it the form of a gable roof, by placing rafters in the joists to support the earth and other materials that composed the covering."

From this simple construction the orders of architecture took their rise: for when buildings of wood were set aside, and men began to erect solid and stately edifices of stone, they imitated the parts which necessity had introduced into the primitive huts; insomuch that the

upright trees, with the stone at each end of them, were the origin of columns, bases, and capitals; and the beams, joists, and rafters, and strata of materials that formed the covering, gave birth to friezes, triglyphs, and cornices, with the corona, the mutules, the modillions, and the dentils.

The architects of the present day, attempting to combine fitness and beauty in rural buildings, revert to the above practices in the infancy of art, and, forming their designs upon these simple models, gain some advantage by the association of ideas produced in the mind of the spectator, by its legitimate, though distant, affinity with the ultimate perfection of Grecian architecture. The cottage represented in the annexed plate is designed upon this principle, and intended for the residence of the under-steward to a nobleman's estate: it is ornamental to the property, and forms a picturesque feature to the adjoining country, as well as an agreeable residence; and an out-house, at a short distance, contains the dairy and wood-house, and is connected by a passage from the cellars beneath the building.

THE DOMESTIC COMMONPLACE-BOOK;

Containing authentic Receipts and miscellaneous Information in every Branch of Domestic Economy, and of general Utility.

CULTIVATION OF EARLY POTATOES.

By a general and extensive planting of *early* potatoes, a very large supply of this wholesome and very nutritious root might be produced at least six weeks sooner (perhaps in most early situations two months) than they can be reared in the open field, and by using a few simple expedients in forwarding the growth of the sets before planting out, they might be had much sooner. The following directions will be found useful for this purpose:—

1st. Level the top of a dunghill, whose heat is not very strong, with a dung-fork, beating it firmly down with the back of it; over this lay two or three inches of light rich earth, and place the sets nearly close to each other upon it, with their eyes upwards; then cover the whole with two inches more of the same kind of soil. If the weather be frosty, or very cold, a little coarse litter or fern-tops may be thrown lightly over them; removing the covering, however, in fine weather. If the weather is very dry, a slight watering with a garden-pot will accelerate their growth; in ten days or a fortnight they will have grown about one or two inches high, when they should be planted out in the lines: for this purpose a dark or damp day ought to be chosen. Draw drills, as if for sowing garden peas, about three inches deep, and sixteen or eighteen inches asunder; place the sets about six inches from each other in the line, then gather the earth close in about the leaves of the plant, and if the weather prove frosty, a little of the above light covering may be shaken along the lines, which will effectually secure them.

2d. Where there is not a dunghill, the earth may be spread on the

floor of a loft or barn, or warm shed; the sets placed on it as in the former case, and treated in every respect in the same way, only taking care to admit as much light and air as circumstances will permit, till they be sufficiently forward to plant out.

3d. In many gardens there are generally spare melon-frames or pits, which might be usefully employed in this way.

ECONOMICAL METHOD OF MAKING BREAD.

For every peck, or 14lbs. of flour, take 1½lb. of bran. Mix the bran with twelve or fourteen pints of cold water. Boil the mixture an hour at least, then strain it through a coarse cloth with pressure. If properly boiled, it will have the appearance of a thin gruel. Put the barm with the flour in the usual way. Use the bran liquid instead of water in making the dough. If the flour be good, it will cause an increase of one-fifth more in the quantity of bread than if made with water in the common way. The bran will be equally serviceable for domestic purposes. If the flour be made from grown corn, the dough should be kneaded as stiff as possible.

CURE FOR CORNS.

Bathe the feet in warm water, in which bran or oatmeal has been previously boiled; cut the corn as close as possible; apply an ivy-leaf, after being steeped twenty-four hours in vinegar, which move every morning, and apply a fresh leaf, prepared as before, for eight or nine days, and the corn will be eradicated.

IMPROVEMENT OF DAMAGED FLOUR.

The Dublin Society observing the great injury which corn in general had sustained from the inclemency of the last year, directed Mr. Higgins, the professor of chemistry, to make a number of such experiments on grain and flour of that year's production as might tend to correct their ill, and ameliorate their good qualities. The following letter contains the result of those experiments:—

TO THE RIGHT HON. AND HON. THE DUBLIN SOCIETY.

My Lords and Gentlemen,—Agreeably to your wish, I made a series of experiments on the new injured flour. I began by analyzing good and bad flour, in order to ascertain in which of the constituents of the latter the defect lay.

The good flour gave of starch	about	884 grs.
———	gluten	156 grs.
The bad flour gave of starch		568 grs.
———	gluten	257 grs.

Every two ounces of bad flour gave also 75grs. of a sweetish substance, mixed with albumen: this is what gives the malty or sweetish taste to the bread; and the gluten being in excess, occasions the clammy feel and texture, and prevents the bread from rising and remaining light and spongy.

With a view to obviate the above defect, the following experiments were made:—

1st. 1lb. of flour and 2 oz. of oatmeal —heavy and clammy.

2d. 1lb. of flour and 3 oz. of oatmeal —heavy and clammy.

3d. 1lb. of flour and 4 oz. of oatmeal —heavy and clammy.

4th. 1lb. of flour and 5 oz. of oatmeal —well tasted and little clammy.

5th. 1lb. of flour and 4 oz. of roast potatoes—very clammy.

6th. 1lb. of flour and 1 oz. of arrow-root—did not rise.

7th. 1lb. of flour, 1 oz. of arrow-root, and 10 grs. of carbonate of ammonia—lightly spongy.

8th. 1lb. of flour and 15 grs. of carbonate of ammonia—spongy and well tasted.

9th. 1lb. of flour and 10 grs. of carbonate of magnesia—light and spongy, but ill tasted.

10th. 1lb. of flour, 4 grs. of carbonate of ammonia, and 15 grs. of carbonate of magnesia—better coloured, heavy, and well tasted.

11th. 1lb. of flour, 20 grs. of carbonate of magnesia, and 10 grs. of alum—good colour, heavy, and well tasted.

12th. 1lb. of flour and 20 grs. of carbonate of ammonia—good colour and well tasted.

13th. 1lb. of flour—plain, heavy, clammy, and bad colour.

14th. 1lb. of flour and 2 oz. of rice—spongy and clammy, with a sweetish taste.

15th. 1lb. of flour, 5 grs. of carbonate of ammonia, and 15 grs. of carbonate of magnesia--light, spongy, and well tasted.

16th. 1lb. of flour and 15 grains of carbonate of ammonia—light, spongy, and well tasted.

17th. 2lbs. of flour, 10 grs. of carbonate of ammonia, and 30 grs. of carbonate of magnesia—bad colour, heavy, and clammy.

18th. 2lbs. of flour and 30 grs. of carbonate of ammonia—bad colour, heavy, and clammy.

19th. ½lb. of flour—better colour than the former samples of plain bread, but heavy and clammy.

20th. ½lb. of flour dried—better coloured than the 19th, light, spongy, and but slightly clammy, and remarkably well tasted.

21st. ½lb. of flour and 1½ oz. of rice—very clammy and sweetish taste.

22d. ½lb. of flour, 7½ grs. of carbonate of magnesia, and 5 grs. of carbonate of ammonia—light, spongy, but slightly clammy.

23d. ½lb. of flour and 10 grs. of carbonate of ammonia—light, spongy, slightly clammy, but better tasted than the 22d experiment.

1lb. of flour was dried to the temperature of 220° of Fahrenheit's thermometer; lost about 2½ oz. in weight by this treatment, but nothing nutritious.

24th. ½lb. of the dried flour and 6 oz. of oatmeal, gave exceedingly well tasted and light bread.

25th. ½lb. of flour dried and 7½ grs. of carbonate of ammonia, gave well coloured, light, and well tasted bread.

Of the foregoing experiments, the two last are evidently the best; the next, the plain dried; and next to that again, the bread made with magnesia. The small quantity of carbonate of ammonia used, probably from its great volatility, flies off during the process of baking; and should even the whole of it remain, it would produce no effect on the constitution, or if any, it would be a salutary one.

W. Higgins.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES.

JACOB MARTIN.

Jacob Martin, born at Adria, near Venice, was the son of a hemp-worker, and when three years of age accompanied his father to Budrio, whither he went to seek employment. Here Father Mezzetti,

a Servite, accidentally met with the child, and immediately discovered in him such an extraordinary capacity, that he resolved to take upon himself the office of teacher, and for four years he actually gave him instruction, with extreme assiduity and care, in the Latin and Greek languages, and in various sciences. The progress made by Martin in all these branches of knowledge was such, that at the expiration of the above-mentioned period, his master took him to Rome, and presented him as a wonderful phenomenon to several of the cardinals. To gratify the general curiosity, it was agreed that he should hold a public disputation. Whitsunday 1647 was the day, and the church of St. Marcellus the place fixed upon for this exhibition. A bill, adorned with allegorical figures and Martin's portrait, containing the theses which this disputant of seven years was to defend, and which Father Cardi afterwards published in a duodecimo volume, was distributed among the audience. The number of opponents was almost incredible. The subjects upon which Martin was to answer were decided by lot. The precocious talents of the boy filled all his hearers with astonishment. After this memorable act, which was considered as an absolute miracle, Father Mezzetti returned to Budrio with his pupil, and the Servites, with a view to secure him to their order, admitted him into their convent. The brilliant success of Martin's disputation had particularly enchanted his instructor, who already began to indulge the most pleasing dreams of the future eminence of his scholar; when Martin, who had previously been so diligent and indefatigable, began all at once to manifest a decided aversion for study, and, on the other hand, an inordinate love of dissipation. A report which had been before propagated, that Martin's first success was a work of the devil, now obtained so much the more credit. Father Candidus Brognolo, in his *Alexikakon*, published at Venice in 1668, and reprinted in 1741, maintained, that the extraordinary proofs of early ability which he had displayed, were the effect of magic and diabolical arts; so that Father Cardi thought it necessary to write an apology in behalf of Father Mezzetti. The latter interested so many persons that it reached a second edition, which was embellished with Martin's portrait. The good Father Mezzetti was so deeply affected by the sudden indocility of his pupil, who had hitherto lived solely for learning and science, that it at length occasioned the loss of his reason. In a paroxysm of insanity, he ascended the steeple of the conventual church, and obstinately refused to go down again. At length he yielded, but descended the steps with such haste that he received a dangerous fall, and death was the consequence. Not long afterwards, in 1649 according to some, or as others assert in 1658, Martin also died—a melancholy example that a precocious developement of the mental powers but too often leads to a premature end, or to a moral paralysis and imbecility.

The second part of the work, from which these particulars are

taken*, exhibits, under the head of *Smemorati*, many very singular instances of persons who have been prematurely afflicted with loss of memory. The celebrated Mazzochi is recorded as one of the most extraordinary phenomena of this kind. This scholar had four years before his death totally forgotten the names of his most intimate friends, as well as the titles of the most popular of his own works. If any one spoke to him concerning any of these performances, he imagined that they were by some other Mazzochi, who had lived at an earlier period. He, nevertheless, continued his religious exercises with the same regularity to which he had been for many years accustomed; and such was the empire that habit in general still exercised over him, that though his memory was completely gone, as soon as he had finished his prayers, he seated himself at his writing-table, where he passed several successive hours in reading, but without retaining a single word. So deeply also was the love of study and science still rooted in his mind, that in order to divert him from any thing that might be prejudicial to his health, nothing more was necessary than to put a book into his hands. With this companion he instantly forgot the object of his desire. He no longer knew even the names of the articles of food, and would often eat and drink things wholly unfit for the purpose. He would frequently look earnestly at his own portrait, and, pointing to it, order a light to be brought for the poor old man who was killing himself with study. Of all that cleanliness requires, he was totally unobservant; and such was his insanity, that he would even attempt to eat burning coals.

It is remarkable, that his successor, the learned Ignarra, who has left us the preceding details, fell, towards the conclusion of his life, into a state not much less deplorable.

* *Dissertazione di Francesco Cancellieri intorno agli uomini dotati di gran memoria ed a quelli divenuti smemorati, con un Appendice delle Biblioteche degli Scrittori sopra gli eruditi precoci, la memoria artificiale, l'arte di trascegliere e di notare ed il Giuoca degli Scacchi.*—Roma, 1815, 8vo.

MISCELLANIES.

PLATE 20.—SENTIMENTAL TRAVELS TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

LETTER IV.

I HAD ascended about a dozen steps of the steeple of the cathedral, when it occurred to me that I had not counted them. As this was absolutely necessary, in order that I might know when I had accomplished the mystic number of the two nines, I went down again, and recommenced my extraordinary pilgrimage with all the circumspection that my vehemently palpitating heart would admit of.

How many unknown things do we harbour within us, my dear

friend, which, in spite of all our vaunted knowledge of ourselves, fill us with astonishment when some accident or other draws them forth from their lurking places! Can you conceive what I am going to tell you? and yet nothing can be more true. So long as my excited energies bore me up, so long the words of the prophet lost not the smallest portion of their value in my estimation; but the farther I proceeded, the shorter my breath grew, the more slowly I mounted, so much the more strongly was my mind impressed with an idea that diminished the confidence of my faith from one moment to another. "What," said I to myself, "would my friends in Berlin think of me, could they see me engaged in this fatiguing expedition? and for what purpose? To seek a treasure on the top of the steeple which is daily ascended by hundreds of people!" For the first time in my life it was extremely painful to me to think of you; and yet, with all my efforts, I could not get rid of the idea which so deeply humbled me. I began to be ashamed of myself. My reliance on the words of the prophet gradually decreased the nearer I approached to the proof. Still I continued to mount, and with the last nine that I had to count, I found myself, so languid as to be ready to drop and equally weak in faith, on the platform of the tower. I threw myself on the first stone seat that I could reach, but so exhausted that I could not immediately recollect the cause of my being there. My sensations on recovering myself were any thing but agreeable: I scarcely knew whether I should shew the prophet so much honour as merely to look round me. I did myself, however, this violence; and with the exception of a young man, who seemed to be enjoying the beautiful prospect, I perceived on the whole wide open space—what you must already have guessed—nothing, absolutely nothing.

A sardonic smile overspread my countenance. I took—I will not deny it—a malicious pleasure in catching a prophet in a lie, and in fancying that I could now return unobstructed to my old principles. I pulled my hat over my eyes, muffled myself up in my surtout, and sat down in a corner, with the determination to make myself thoroughly ashamed of my folly before I set out on my return from so ludicrous an errand; but, as usual, I beat round about the bush a long time before I could muster courage to execute my design, and then I played with my heart the part of a weak mother with her naughty child, whose tears she dries in the midst of the most severe reproofs, and to whom, while she threatens to renounce it for ever, she reaches the first piece of cake or gingerbread that falls in her way. I wish I could paint to you all the extraordinary emotions which occupied my mind while thus employed in probing, though with tender hand, my follies and foibles.

Having somewhat reconciled myself with myself, I next attacked so much the more vigorously the impostor who could presume to make game of a native of Berlin, a friend of Mendelssohn, and a contemporary of the great Frederic; and my inward struggle became at length so apparent, that the young

man, of whom I had not taken the least notice during the whole time of my soliloquy, put up his telescope, and approached me with looks of profound curiosity and surprise.

"You seem to have been deceived, sir," said he.—"Indeed," I replied, "I have been deceived by giving credit, but to my honour only for a few hours, to an impostor. I am glad, however, that I am here. I can at least give free vent to my spleen. I can proclaim to the city which lies beneath me, that it is struck with blindness, that its inhabitants are deluded, and are worthy to be the dupes of cheats and pickpockets!"

"Sir," rejoined the stranger, interrupting me, "you are in a violent agitation. What misfortune has befallen you? and against whom is all this obloquy directed?"

"Against whom?" I replied with warmth; "against whom but the mountebank who throws your whole city into confusion—your great magnetiser, somniloquist, prophet, or by whatever other names you call him."

"I beg your pardon, sir," answered the stranger, to my extreme astonishment, "for being obliged to give a flat contradiction to what you say. Ever since we have possessed that man, not a single untruth has escaped his lips."

"Well," cried I, "then I can at least acquaint you with the first, which he told to me, whom you see here, not above two hours ago. What do you suppose he promised me that I should find here? Nothing less than a treasure, and cause for the loudest burst of joy: and I, simpleton that I was, suffered myself to be thus bamboozled, and mounted this fatiguing tower on such a fool's errand. Lay yourself under no constraint, sir, but laugh as heartily as you please! In truth I deserve the ridicule of all rational people."

But instead of laughing, what do you suppose the man did? He entered into a long disquisition, which might grace a commentary on Habbakuk, to prove that prophecies are not to be literally understood.

"Sir," replied I, with the bitterest vexation, "your prophet promised me a treasure, something that is called a treasure. Is there any thing here that can by any possible interpretation deserve that name? Can I apply it to the keen blast that has already almost blown my head off?"—With these words I turned contemptuously from this absurd stranger, of whom I deigned to take no farther notice; for I perceived but too plainly that he was not there for nothing, and was in all probability one of the emissaries of the false prophet.

This new discovery made me still bolder. I could not quit the spot till I had poured forth all my spleen. I once more pulled my hat over my eyes, once more wrapped myself up in my philosophic mantle; and as soon as I had turned my back on the Mesmers, the Lavaters, and the Puysegurs, to whose authority the stranger appealed at every third word, I betook myself again to the heroes of the most obstinate infidelity, the Bolingbrokes, the Voltaires, and the Reimaruses.

From the reverie of unbelief that succeeded, I was suddenly roused by a human voice, which penetra-

ted with inexpressible sympathy through my ears to my heart. "Ah! Willy, Willy!"—such were the magic tones that all at once suspended the conflict of emotions within me—"are then all the pleasures of times past completely erased from your remembrance?" no language can describe the astonishment with which I turned to the stranger, who extended his hands towards me—"all the hours devoted to friendship and science at Leyden?" continued he in a still more tender tone, "and not the smallest recollection left of our youthful pilgrimage to the statue of Erasmus?"—Gracious heaven! how I trembled!—"O William, who is the falsest, you or our prophet? Alas! indeed you have quite forgotten your honest Jerry!"

That name, once so dear to me in my youth, brought me to myself. "Good God!" cried I, "is it possible? My Jerry?"—Speechless with indescribable emotions, I sunk into his arms. A pause, devoted wholly to the sacred feeling of friendship, deprived us both for some moments of utterance. I pressed to my throbbing bosom the friend of my youth, who observed with delight the tremor of affection which thrilled my frame.

He at length broke silence. "After all then," said he, in a tone expressive of the profoundest emotion, "the prophet was not so very wrong! You still love me, William?"

"No, God bless him!" cried I with enthusiasm, "the great man spoke the truth. No treasure on earth could impart such feelings of happiness and joy to my soul as your unexpected appearance has excited. How all the delicious phantasies of youth, which I imagined to be fled for ever, are recalled by the melody of your voice, by the magic of your smile, by your sparkling eyes! O my Jerome, how was it possible for me not to recognise you the first moment? This was not owing to the seventeen or eighteen years which have passed since we parted, but to all the dreary hours since spent in the society of people destitute of friendship. Vitiated humours, generated by spleen and disease, have dimmed my eyes, and blunted the feelings of the most susceptible of human hearts. But with you I seem to have recovered all the happiness I had lost. Look around you, Jerome. Never were images of friendship placed upon a more lofty pedestal. Yet here, or elsewhere, we shall stand too high for the mole's eyes of mankind. Among the thousands beneath us, there is scarcely one capable of appreciating such a meeting. Blest be the prophet through whom I have found such a treasure, through whom I have recovered a friend!"

The weaker our nerves, the more prone we are to enthusiasm. This high-flown effusion of mine seemed at the moment to be the natural language of the heart; and Heaven alone knows how long I should have continued declaiming in this manner on the top of the old German steeple, had not my cooler friend checked the torrent of my eloquence, and with a smile proposed to me to accompany him to his house. "Whithersoever you please!" said I, and tottered after him like one intoxicated.

When you know that you have a

faithful friend by your side, you feel as much at home in a strange place, as you may feel strange without this circumstance in your native town. How shily I had crept this very morning along the streets, and now, whichever way I looked, I seemed to be at home. The stairs that led to my friend's apartments appeared as familiar to me as if I had gone up them a thousand times; and I made my good friend Jerome burst into a loud laugh when I frankly told him how I felt. But how totally unlike myself was I at the repast to which we then sat down! I ate, drank, joked, and laughed like a person in perfect health; the most lively recollection, and the most familiar converse, brought forth all the gaudy suits, and furbished up all the variegated plumes, in which our unsophisticated youth had delighted to trick itself out. Nothing durst obtrude upon our discourse but what was connected with those happy times. To every other idea we were as inaccessible as the apartment into which not a soul that knocked at the door could obtain admittance.

Thus evening stole upon us, and progressive advances in our conversation had at length brought me to the period of my impaired, my ruined health—a circumstance which, in the first ardent effusions of our friendship, I had wholly lost sight of. Some splenetic complaints on my part, hope and comfort on his, led at last to the following dialogue.

"Who could have thought it," —I began with a sigh—"who could have thought it, dear Jerome, when we were learning, at the feet of our instructors at Leyden, to separate truth from prejudices, that we were throwing away with the chaff grains of more value than the whole produce of our labours? Who could have suspected that there existed in animal life the dormant power of solving metaphysical problems, upon which the Lockes, the Boyles, the Leibnitzes, exhausted in vain all the energies of their genius? And to what heads were these secrets at last confided? How many ages has it required, before the great dunghill of the world could be so completely turned over as to bring to light the sound untouched grain of corn concealed in it!—and what mechanism of chance that this grain should at last be found by a blind hen! Is not a *clear-sighted sleeper* of more value to suffering humanity than the sum total of understanding imparted to any one of the physicians of body or mind of all ages? and does not one single fact, such as I have witnessed today, overthrow all their ingenious systems? You are not only an eminent physician yourself, my dear Jerome, but also a profound thinker and a learned man. Cannot you then furnish me with a satisfactory explanation of this inconceivable humiliation of the human understanding? I will accept it as a charity bestowed on my poverty; I will——"

"My dear William," said Jerome, interrupting the flow of my oratory, "I will gladly share my wealth with you, for you need about the half of it to extricate yourself from this difficulty: but first let me see whether the door of my outer room is properly secured. Now sit down, and listen with attention.

"I am a physician, my friend, and have hitherto practised my profession in the native land of the immortal Boerhave, with equal integrity, if not with equal skill. Success, however, procured me the confidence of my countrymen. My experience daily increased, and I felt an attachment to my patients, which rendered my precarious art respectable and agreeable to me. In this active performance of the duties of my profession, I was all at once interrupted by the many-tongued rumour of the new inventions of the Mesmers, the Puysegurs, and I know not how many more great men. The wonders wrought by them thronged in troops into my solitary study, overturned all the aphorisms of my masters, and rendered me timid in the treatment of my patients. From this painful situation I extricated myself like an honest man. I left my books and my patients. No journey seemed too long and too fatiguing, so that I could ascertain the truth, and rectify my notions and my principles. I arrived at Strasburg, and the very next morning I stood before the chair of the most celebrated *somnambule* and *clairvoyante* of that time, of whom you shall hear more presently. In the midst of a circle of learned men, who were making the most profound observations on this supernatural state of the entranced lady, she gave a young officer, whose sonorous voice seemed to produce a particular impression on her sleeping senses, the most explicit answers to the most abstruse questions. So plain a fact completely staggered my reason. I puzzled my brains a long time to no purpose for a merely plausible explanation of this wonder, and especially for an answer to this curious question—why the oracles of a *somnambule* should relate exclusively to medicine, and never to politics, agriculture, mineralogy, natural history, or jurisprudence, though so many useful things yet remain to be discovered, and so many errors to be corrected in those sciences, and though many a poor devil would often be so anxious to learn how to gain a law-suit, or the best time for sowing his corn.

"At length I imagined that I had obtained the right clue, and discovered the real connection of the matter. You will sufficiently comprehend my meaning when I tell you, that in my opinion some medical spirit of the upper regions is at this moment playing his amorous pranks with the poor unsuspecting daughters of the earth. All the marriageable females whom I have seen, that were fit subjects for somnambulism, disorganization, and animal magnetism, have confirmed me in this conjecture. They even communicate the medicinal virtue which pervades them, to men who come *en rapport* with them—as we see in the celebrated prophet who has this day cured you. Indeed, my friend, this system of mine renders all farther explanation superfluous.

"In the four months," continued Jerome, "that I have lived at Strasburg, I have attentively observed the progress of the new discovery, and am daily more and more overwhelmed with astonishment. But what occasion have I to state to you all the results of my experience? Is not your own of

to-day sufficient for you? Examine it once more with all the rigour of which your reason is susceptible! You have clearly seen and heard, you have found the predictions of the somniloquist verified, and are convinced——"

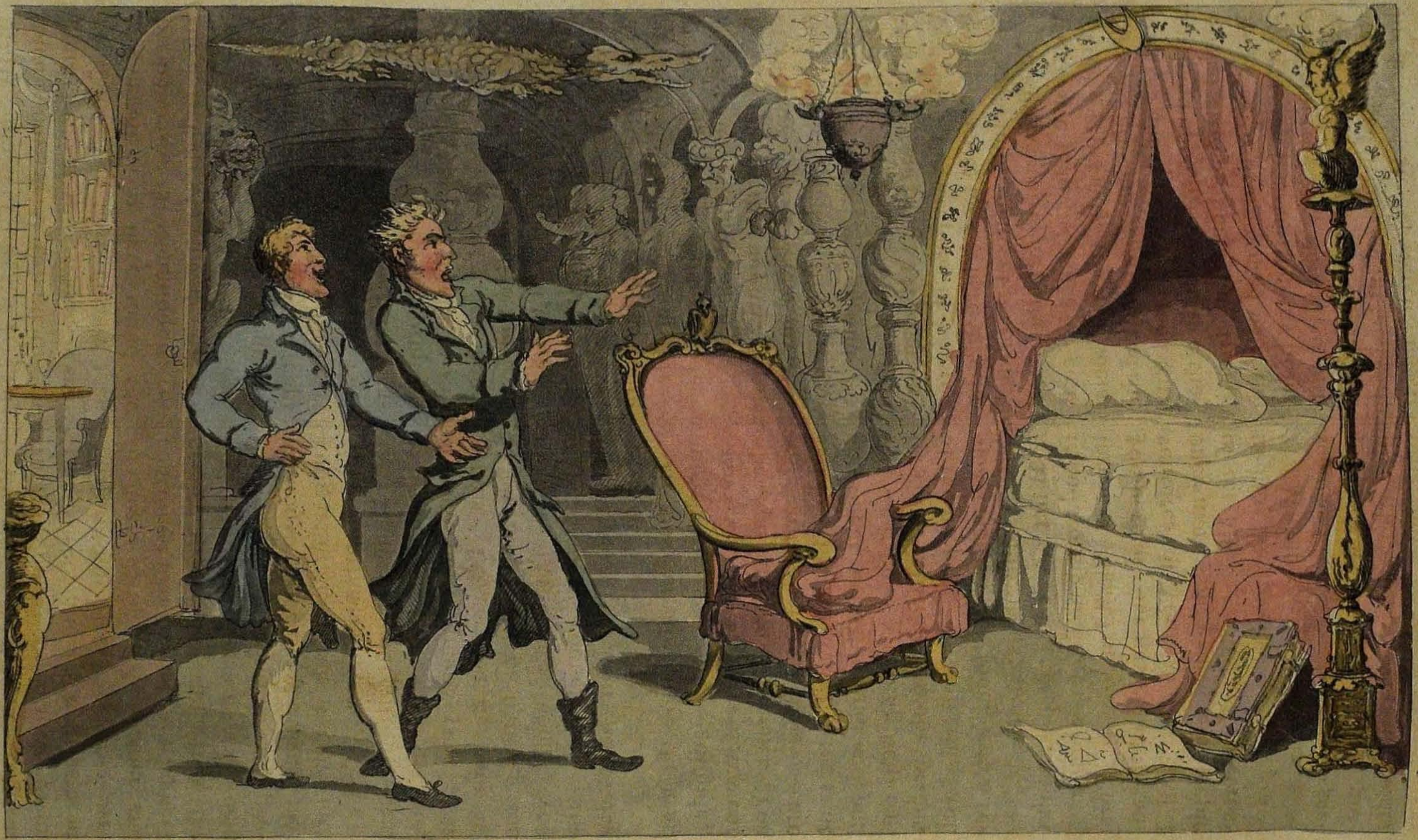
"Yes, by Heaven, I am!" was my reply. "From this moment I shall harbour no distrust, except towards the incomprehensible heart that throbs within my bosom. Fortunately for me, I learned this morning from the lips of the prophet, what kind of a soul dwells in this body. It is yet but a few hours since your voice recalled me from the brink of the abyss of unbelief. How invincible I fancied myself at the very instant when I was nearest to my defeat! So much the more sincerely do I now abhor my arrogance. In your bosom, my dear Jerome, I deposit my solemn prayer for pardon to the mighty envoy of futurity against whom my reason rebelled, and to all the great men who adhere to him, and—— Oh! that the whole world could hear my recantation! Of what service have the weapons of boasted reason been to me? There they lie as useless implements of its pride."

Nothing can be more pathetic and impressive than the voice of conviction, especially when a social glass has previously harmonized the speaker and hearer. I stood with my hand upon my bosom, in a theatrical attitude before my friend, who was so overpowered with the torrent that poured from my heart, that while my eyes were filled with tears of the deepest sensibility, he was obliged to conceal his face with his hands. He recovered himself first, prudently pushed aside the bottles and glasses, and as Boileau when he once met with two of his friends who, under the inspiration of Burgundy, were weeping over the death of the great Homer, and continued inconsolable till he succeeded in drawing them from the tavern into the open air—so Jerome probably imagined the same precaution to be necessary with me, that I might not be entirely distilled into tears of enthusiasm.

"Moderate yourself, my dear William!" said he; "such scenes are too powerful for your weak nerves. Let us leave our wine for a few moments; perhaps in the next room, which is cooler, you may compose yourself after the shock which your heart has to-day received."

He took me kindly by the arm, opened the door of the adjoining room—and, O ye powers of heaven! what was my astonishment! You will scarcely believe me, but as sure as I live, I found myself in the same apartment, with the same bed, and the same chair standing before it, in which I listened to the oracles of the prophet. I was petrified with amazement, and Jerome, with a roguish smile, thus proceeded:—"What say you, my philosophic friend, to my mode of cooling your fervour? Shall I once more inform you here of your name and the adventures of your soul?—Shall I once more send you to the steeple of the Minster?—or are you satisfied for the present?"

"Was it you then?" cried I, as soon as I recovered from my surprise—"were you the great prophet whose praises were so loudly proclaimed by the ladies?—Was it you who this morning had well



nigh robbed me of all the wit that I had left?"

"No other indeed," said Jerome, laughing more heartily than before.

"I conjure you," I replied, "by all that is sacred, relieve me quickly from my astonishment! How"—at the same time striking my forehead with my fist—"how did you know that I abandoned a young woman near Carlsruh to the wolves?"

"Because," rejoined my friend, whose mirth became so excessive that he was obliged to hold both his sides—"because it was I who stopped your carriage, and wished to commit her to your care. This girl—the very same that was *in the crisis* on my arrival at Strasburg, and afforded me the first opportunity of witnessing the wonders of animal magnetism—had for five months played the *somnambule* for a handsome reward, had come rather too closely *en rapport* with a young officer—the very same who had then put questions to her—and had become—how shall I express it?—unserviceable for the present."

"Faith!" said I hastily, "I remarked that myself."

"I conveyed her to Carlsruh, where our society has good friends, met you, as you know, on the way, recognized you without difficulty, and learned from your own mouth all that I this morning repeated to you by virtue of my faculty of divination. No great penetration was necessary to foresee that my fame would certainly bring an invalid like you before my bed. Nothing could be easier than the part I had to act; and so you see, my dear William, that what has puzzled you so much is nothing but the joke of an old friend."

The bandage indeed was now removed from my eyes—but rather too abruptly. A burning blush overspread my cheeks as soon as the great secret was exposed naked to my view. I beheld in imagination the ridiculous figure I must have cut in the arm-chair, and had scarcely courage to look the false prophet in the face.

The kind-hearted Jerome pitied my condition. He took me affectionately by the hand, and led me out of the magic chamber, which became every moment more and more odious to me. I continued for some time in evident embarrassment, and at length made an effort to propose a question which forced itself upon me:—"I was a fool, dear Jerome——"

"But not a greater," rejoined he, "than we all are when anxious wishes combined with some hope operate upon us."

"I was a fool," I continued—"but forgive the question—what are you then in the light in which you have this day shewn yourself to me? What part are you acting, my old, my honest friend?"

"The part of a Brutus," replied Jerome, "who delivered Rome from the oppressor of innocence—the part of a Pascal, who, under the mask of simplicity, possessed himself of the graceless secrets of the order of the Jesuits. But the period of my humiliation is past; I shall soon return to my patients, and my experience, not omitting your history of to-day, shall be made known to the world."

This declaration of my friend stabbed me to the heart. "No, Jerome," cried I, "let me not be exposed for a simpleton to my patrons; let not my name be men-

tioned in the chronicles of these enthusiasts, deceivers and deceived!"

"And does not truth," rejoined Jerome in a serious tone, "deserve better at your hands than that you should conceal yourself behind the great bulwark of error, behind a false shame, and quietly suffer the number of the innocent deluded to be augmented? The credulity of an invalid is the most pardonable of all. Often—upon the faith of a practical physician—does this weakness of the soul contribute to the recovery of the health of the body.—But what shall we say of the pious and learned men who not only play upon the weakness of the diseased, but strive also to envelope sound untainted reason in the clouds of error? In what light are we to consider the founders of the modern sects, who send abroad into all the world such productions as I here lay before you?"

A formidable pile! I selected a few stamped with names of eminence in the republic of letters, and Jerome forbore to disturb me in the attention which I paid for above half an hour to their contradictory assertions, their lying statements, and their scandalous conjectures. At last, with a sigh, I pushed aside this heap of rubbish, and turning to my cooler friend, "Dear Jerome," said I, "allow that all these poor fellows laboured under disease, otherwise there is no excuse for them."

"In regard to some," replied my intelligent physician, "yet but to very few, your exculpatory conjecture may hold good. You would perhaps yourself have written a book on the faculty of divination, animal magnetism, or the wonders of disorganization; aye and published it too, had I suffered you to continue in your error. But believe me, the majority of our authors write not out of love to truth, from the impulse of conviction, or zeal for what is good and useful; but out of that learned pride, which, like the gaol-fever, insinuates itself only into close, gloomy studies, and now and then moves the compassion and charity of the great world. I know but too many such scribblers. The idea of making a great noise, of attracting those eyes which are just turning towards some other, is the demon which urges and impels them. None of them can bear to be neglected, and no sooner has one quitted his writing-table with credit, than hundreds sit down to theirs for the purpose of gaining over the clappers to their side as speedily as possible."

It was now late, and at parting Jerome promised to call upon me next morning, and to give me such medical advice as my situation required.

THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN.

The history of the Emperor Maximilian of Germany, who came to the throne in 1493, affords us the singular spectacle of a man always poor in the midst of the greatest riches. His first wife, Mary of Burgundy, daughter of Charles the Rash, was heiress of the duchy of Burgundy; part of Picardy; the counties of Flanders, Artois, and

Burgundy; the duchies of Brabant, Luxemburg, and Limburg; the counties of Hainault, Holland, Zealand, and Friezeland; and the duchy of Guelders. We may easily suppose that the heiress of such large possessions did not want admirers; in fact, the hand of Mary was eagerly sought in marriage by the greatest princes of Europe. She was, however, denied the privilege of chusing for herself: detained prisoner by her subjects, she was compelled to accept the husband whom they selected for her. Maximilian, who was then but archduke, had the happiness to obtain her hand; but when he presented himself to receive it, he appeared before her in so shabby a dress, that she was absolutely obliged to purchase a magnificent suit for him, in order that his appearance might not disgrace her nuptials. Shortly after they were celebrated, he became King of the Romans, and afterwards Emperor of Germany. One would suppose that in this exalted situation he could not want money, nevertheless he did. Mary died, and he espoused by proxy the heiress of Brittany; but he lost his bride because he could not raise 2000 crowns. The want of that sum gave Charles VIII. King of France, an opportunity to take the princess from him. It was well known that the Flemings detained Maximilian for debt, as well as for having violated their privileges, a prisoner nine months at Bruges. He married Blanche Sforza, who, though she was the natural daughter of a soldier of fortune, was possessed of 500,000 ducats: yet, notwithstanding this second advantageous marriage, towards the close of his life, this imperial monarch was seen carrying the scarf of Henry VIII. in whose service he fought, and from whom he received daily a small sum for his support.

THE THREE PETERS SURNAMED THE CRUEL.

It is a singular circumstance, that three monarchs of the same name, each with too much justice surnamed *the Cruel*, should have been contemporaries. These were Peter of Castile, Peter of Arragon, and Peter of Portugal. Of the first it may be said, that he committed crimes solely for the pleasure of committing them, since the greatest part of the monstrous cruelties of which he was guilty appear to have had no other motive. Peter the Cruel of Arragon was a profound politician, who always calculated to what account he could turn an atrocious action; and if he thought himself likely to gain any favourite point, he never suffered any feeling of humanity to divert him from his purpose. Peter the Cruel of Portugal, a prince as well known in romance as in history, cannot justly be compared to either of the others for barbarity: his heart, naturally tender, was hardened to a frightful excess by the violence of his passion for the celebrated Ines de Castro; stung almost to madness at the treacherous cruelty by which he had been deprived of her, he set no bounds to his ven-

geance on her murderers; and it was principally owing to the inhumanity with which he treated them, that his memory is branded by posterity.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The following *bagatelle*, which has never been printed, and which was given me by a friend to make what use of I thought proper, I have little doubt will find a place in your elegant Miscellany. VIGORNIENSIS.

MODERN ELOQUENCE.

Dreams are nothing more than caricatures of our waking thoughts; sometimes consistent, at other times disjointed and confused.

METHOUGHT Mr. O'Blarney rose and spoke in the cause of GRIMES *versus* SNITCH.

My Lord and Gentlemen of the Jury,

When I look round this august court, and advance into the focus of the luminous effulgence of ability every where pervading this solemn chamber of impartiality, I cannot but feel the awful responsibility my poor abilities have to encounter. Should there be a ray to guide me through the labyrinth, among the more experienced of those eloquent and more practised professing and professed members of this court, my way must lie in the plainness of fact, the simplicity of truth, in proving an irresistible appetency in the detail of this unvarnished tale. If without flourish of description we consider guilt as permeable, pervading those breasts where it is nourished, the secret momentum of those connections between mind and matter, without highly exaggerating the effect on plain minds, the transition to comparison between the subtile fluid of electricity and guilt would strike the most uncultivated mind. Were we criminally proceeding against Mr. Snitch instead of a civil suit for compensation, the ermine of your lordship might coruscate, and those venerable adjuncts of judicature gracing your lordship's front, might be drawn from their pendent adhesions from the shoulders, and by the electric attractions, if guilt, from being a fluid, were so demonstrative, might horrify perpetrators into confessions incompatible with the existence or safety of society. Happily for the decorum of this court, happily for the prosecuted, the dominion of reason alone presides; and if guilty, by evidence alone must the turpitude be clear. Will it be necessary to dip the crayon of description in the murky hues of Erebus? or shall I represent the horrific hag, with eyes rolling, her withered finger-tip scaling her fallen lips in her midnight whirl to Aleppo, blasting, by the malign touch of her elongated curved nail at the extremity of her index, the ill-fated vessel that in such a sea-tossed night had haplessly crossed the way of her spell-bound bowl, in her mystic adventure to procure the slaked bitumen* from the Dead Sea, as a vehicle to paint deeds of darkness? or shall my fancy realize the sybils of old, watching the exudation of the *se-*

* Asphaltum, or bitumen of the Dead Sea.

*pia** to gather an ink, which, by its assistance, would record the name of Snitch, blackened in its own deformity? Happily for me—me, who delight not in fiction—my narrative will devolve into the sobered tones of truth in the sacredness of her cause, the irresistible impulse of her mighty sovereignty, and in the words of my brief I shall best relate my appeal, and discharge the debt I owe to my client, and cancel this outrage on human morals. It will be needless to repeat to you the circumstances by which I am called to advocate the cause of suffering innocence; sufficient I have obeyed that call of duty: and this day I am to expose human frailty subdued by practised guile, to heal the wounded spirit of the weaker sex, in the cause of my client Grimes; and to harrow up the execrations that you, ye select twelve, are by your verdict to visit upon Mr. Snitch. Ye honest yeomen, tell this wicked, this base destroyer of virgin innocence; proclaim it at every man's sacred hearth, so that your grandmothers shall be safe in this land of liberty; thus promulgating, that he who calculates upon human passions—coldly, I say, computes his possibility of success on mortal weakness—may learn, that a jury of this our day attacked the hydra of seduction: so shall your venerable relatives escape the allurements of a Snitch; so will the episcopal denunciation, "that no man shall marry his grandmother," be expunged as an unnecessary interdict.

That I might more faithfully discharge my trust, to the better assisting her cause, and to detail the inroads that baseness had painted on her sunken cheek, I visited the injured creature. To you, who have hearts, the arbiters of her case, her destiny, lend me, I beseech you, your attention. Most true I found her obscured by her sorrows: the smoke, in misty curling clouds, added a sombreness to the sad picture; two of the reticulated panes of a jarring casement were air-stopped; the one by a thickened concatenation of mixed straw, both short and long; the other contained the many-times fretted work of a black worsted heel-darned hose. Yet the radiance of her former state flashed on my mind: mark how joyless to the concerns of human life! The domestic pig had not all that cleanliness or the comforts of clean straw; but this dwelling, in imitation of her fall from paradise, had degenerated into a wilderness of thorns, for the unburnt furze strayed in wild disorder. This cottage, this once peaceful thatch, rising diminutively in the bog, was the termination of a lengthened sheep-track, and the last spot on the waste around which moisture had left a firm footing. It was a spot humble yet not abject, lowly but not sunken. It was an abode where the traveller could alone find shelter, for it was the only hearth whose blaze scintillated in the darkened atmosphere. The domestic circle was increased with an aged mother; by the labour of this duteous child of industry, that powerful narcotic, snuff, was not denied to her parent. Ye who revel in the indulgence of extended luxury, smile not with contempt,

* Cuttle-fish; sepia of the ancients, or brown pigment.

that so little would cheer a fellow-being, after the brilliancy of the day had been spent over the reeking suds, for at the neighbouring town she had grown old in the humble avocation of a washerwoman! Ye who labour to want artificial contrivances to stimulate satiety, blush to think how little does this mansion of clay really want! Pamperers, learn how little even old age desires! While duties more domestic kept the daughter busied in the home concerns, raising the marketable produce of their existence, and drying the turf that was to feed their fire, measuring the coned stacks by the deep square-delved pits, that were to supply the consumers in the neighbouring hamlets—who but a Snitch could have seen such bliss, and marred such happiness? I will not appeal to your feelings; it is to your judgment, your inflexible integrity, that I commit this sacred cause. You will not, you cannot say, that because their occupation is humble, their right to redress is diminished: the eye of the law—the whole bench will confirm my assertion—the law knows no difference, all are equal. His lordship holds a mighty commission, sealed by an oath, that ties him to justice between man and man. I invoke that stern, that inflexible undeviating justice, by all the eloquence that has ever shone in legal jurisprudence—by the names of a Dunning, an Erskine—by the orations of our compatriot Burke! Descend, ye conservators of elocution; loosen my tongue, enlarge my faculty of utterance, crown my exertions! Let Justice withdraw her veil, for the sons of Erin are contending for their rights. Hurl back this base destroyer, covered with our denunciations, and tell the British people, it is thus we beat back to her shores her offending natives, following her example in turning our domestic calamities to our profit!

Griselda Grimes was arrived at that age when maturity may be said to have outstretched the pruriency of youth; forty-five winters had passed peacefully away. In her person tall; her form partaking of tenuity, in contradistinction to obesity; wholesome labour had produced a sinewy habit, and the bones were evident in their construction and junctions. Custom had inclined her on one side, and this, gentlemen, led to her ruin. In the neighbouring town, in the most conspicuous part, arose a gilded annunciation on a board—"JAMES SNITCH, *Stay and Corset-Maker from Paris and London;*" with a *nota bene*, "*Shapes altered.*" This, call it if you will female weakness, the ever-yearning solicitude to make the most of Nature's gifts, attracted the notice of my unfortunate Griselda. Up to this hour she had consented to expose this negligence of gait, though cruelty in its bitterness might have called it derangement of form. But an humbleness of opinion had borne that of herself so modestly, that till this instant Nature's fair proportion had not, in her own conception, been libelled; but the arch-tempter suggested this one improvement, the remedy of this single defect as desirable, and pointed out Mr. Snitch as the performer. I am instructed to say, prudence authorized this want; for ten re-

volving suns had spread devastation into the economical arrangement of this appendage of female shape, notwithstanding repeated and reiterated emendations. The want was only to be compassed by a new equipment. I am thus circumstantial, lest the charge of extravagance should be insisted on, and to prevent insinuations, that Griselda was vehemently persevering in gratifying her inclinations, that her industry had not been exemplary. Were I but to offer them to the court, their exhibition would redound to her infinite credit; posterity would reward her claim, extol her perseverance, and tacitly consent to praise an ingenuity as patient, as commensurate to the hanging one shred on another. My learned friend on the opposite side smiles, but this day will teach him, and teach all the world, that men, professionally dedicated to the service of the fair in their duties, are not to select opportunities to poison their minds, because the very nature of their commissions places the little flutterings of female vanity at their command, and the delicacy of their occupations gives them a warrant of unrestrained access. I shall pass over, my lord and gentlemen, the blandishments, the promises of honourable intentions—vows, alas! false—opportunities solicited and studiously improved, to the immediate cause that this day summons both myself and you with such momentous solicitings, to make the visitation of your verdict fall in the shape of damages, large and onerous, lest the mundane community be not reprehended by the weight of the example. On some pretence that he was anxious to submit to the judgment of Griselda some improvements best appreciated by the fair, likely to benefit materially his worldly concerns in the formation of corsets, for which only he professed to wait to make her the sharer of his name and fame; in an unguarded moment, early in the month of May, when all nature is refreshed, before sunrise, she was thus speciously allured to leave that pastoral abode I so lately, so pathetically described. But, ah! she little thought of the ruin that awaited her faltering steps!

It does not become the dignity of this court to have detailed the incitements of her seducer, her opposition, her entreaties to leave the spot, the art by which the helpless being was induced to seal her ruin. Humanity draws a veil, and in censuring would palliate her misfortune; but to you she looks with more than pity in your breasts—of you she seeks redress for blighted prospects, as a succour in her declining years, and a balm to her suffering mind; for in all cases, in the most common, compensation is afforded for loss of service at the hands of the betrayer. Then shrink not from your duty and your responsibility; the law of the land will—the law—the right, the sacred birth-right, shall redress the injured. The sun, as if afraid to emit his effulgent beams on a world so stained, restrained his rays on that eventful morning; reluctantly, slowly, fearfully, his orb of brightness threw on this nether world the shadow of the seducer, lengthened as it shot from his retreating footsteps. I shall

not detail the progress of his neglect, but suffice it to say, my client has this day sought redress at the hands of her countrymen. I will not dwell on the sorrows of the parent, or the woes of the deserted. What defence can be offered? Should it be insisted that the lady's years of discretion ought to have made her deaf to entreaty, a negation I am prepared to offer, already depending upon so fixed and such reiterated determination of union with her--importunity, opportunity, all conspiring, it would be expecting too much of human nature to calculate on a different result. But let us admit indiscretion, is there no compensation, no wound to be healed, no balm in Mecca to assuage an infringed purity after forty-five years of possession? And will it not strongly and nervously shake our reason—will it not, I say, amount to proof demonstrative, that principle so fixed that could resist the tide and spring of youth, passing by that hour of incitement and danger, to be thus thrown down and rifled in its maturity, must have had no common temptations to leave the path of virtue? Charity teaches us, that human nature, goaded beyond its bearing, is not a subject for punishment, contempt, and neglect, but a subject of commiseration and support with the truly good: so that I prove that the fruit, that was ripening even to decay, affording prospects of a rich vernal harvest of reputation, has been seared, lost, from causes almost amounting (from human weakness) to impossibility to prevent. The law in such cases only asks a common prudence, a circumspection readily to be within our capacity of exerting: on all this, and more, my client's conduct defies inspection, courts examination open as the day. Griselda rests her cause on justice and on truth. Will this court be insulted? will it be dared into reprehension, by hearing opinions so monstrous as this diabolical age (rich in invention of monstrosities) publicly hears defended? It will be insisted in favour of the accused, as I am taught to believe, that, through the conformation of the cranium of Mr. Snitch, his organs were so constructed, forming conglomerating convolutions in his sensorium, whose effect on his actions was not to be controuled by his will; that such disposition of parts was to be found in the bull, in the goat, the ram, the orang-outang; and, therefore, that he grew up fitted, designed, and executed by nature for a seducer. Oh! monstrous demoralization of a wicked age! Is it to be believed, that nature formed with no ordinary care portmanteaus of every vice in the human soul; that she propagated her conceits in the lowest of the animal creation; that the murderer, the midnight robber, is an object of pity, persecuted and hapless, sacrificed to prejudice and ignorance of the due estimation of the new light of science?—I have held up to your view a slight and sketchy picture of the deluded; now for the counterpart, the destroyer, the annihilator. His portrait shall darken the sun-beams, that his deformity of mind may be exposed naked in his own treachery. His portrait may be serviceable, that families unborn may draw comparisons, and drive each Snitch for ages to come

from the society and hospitable Lares of my noble countrymen. It is *your* countrywoman who sues against her tempter; not only her rights are you compromising, but your own, if you neglect to inflict the largest penalty that such a case has ever borne. I appeal to fathers, they must hear me; not to fathers but to mothers, they will hear me; not to mothers, but I make my appeal to little generations of grandchildren to the nineteenth degree, they shall hear me! Oh! that Jove's lightning, like a hack, could be borrowed by the day, that I might hurl more than words upon this destroyer's head!

In the season of elasticity, when form had grown into structure, when stature had attained its acme, in his person Mr. Snitch had not extended beyond five feet three inches. The singularity and variety of nature's inventive genius displayed themselves in turning one foot out and the other inwards. Were I inclined to a bitterness of sarcasm, I might have likened him to his profound prototype, to old Beelzebub, who sulphurously hissed defiance:—

> By sudden onsets, either with hell-fire
> To waste his whole creation, or possess
> All as our own, and drive, as we are driven,
> The puny 'habitants; or if not drive,
> Seduce them to our party.
>
> MILTON.

But to restore that parity that had been denied to his fair proportions, his wide swollen front peering above a shorter neck, held a near approach to his more protuberant shoulders, so that the magnitude of head carried in space a claim to be admitted in abatement of his want of stature. But it is not to his figure, it is his mind that prompted inclinations to delude his victim—insult and debase her—to make a holy rite the plea, by whose power over the affections of my Griselda he might more securely deal the blow, which tarnished for ever a reputation built by experience, assiduity, and defiance of all common temptations. I shall not longer trespass on your patience. I have detailed my case by evidence; I shall prove the facts with that coolness, that moderation, which my outset gave the promise of. I cannot conclude without thanking you for your patient hearing; without imploring you as fathers, brothers, as men, to cast this odious shame from your homes, and erect a shield for the security of the softer sex: for never shall such dishonour contaminate my thoughts, as to opine that large damages have brought more wives into the market, or that daughters by parents will be offered as vehicles of speculation. These are the arguments of cold senseless calculators; they are not the sentiments of warm and animated men. O my country! more offended against than offending, if you restrain us in the liberty of conscience, teach us to do ourselves justice, and let Hibernia shine in her own harmless purity. Gentlemen, your country, your children, your honour, your reputations, call upon you by your verdict to sustain their cause; discharge it then faithfully, for to your integrity I look to record proudly, that the serpent's tongue, as well as its venom, is banished from our land; and that this effect will be owing to the merits of the case, and not to the little exertions of my poor and unpractised abi-

lity. Gentlemen, I again thank you, and offer you my weak expressions of feeling that my duty has been lightened, I must own, inasmuch as I have this day stood up for judgment on no countryman of our own, and that the guilt of the betrayer is not a stain on our spotless reputation. I shall reserve myself, should my opponent be hardy enough to call for my animadversions.

Loud plaudits shook the court, and I awoke singing *Ti, tum, ti!*

BOMBASTES.

PROPERTIES OF A GARDENER.

QUESTION.

WHY is a gardener the most extraordinary man in the world?

ANSWER, ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

Because no man has more business upon *earth*, and always chuses good *grounds* for what he does. He commands his *thyme*, he is master of his *mint*, and fingers *pennyroyal*. He raiseth his *salary* every year; and it is a bad year indeed if it does not produce a *plumb*. He meets with more *boughs* than a minister of state. He makes *more beds* than an innkeeper, and has in them more *painted ladies*, and more genuine *roses* and *lilies*, than are to be found at a country wake. He makes *raking* his business more than his diversion, as many other gentlemen do, but he makes it an advantage to his health and fortune, which few others do. His wife has, nevertheless, enough of *lad's-love* and *heart's-ease*. He can boast of more *bleeding hearts* than any town toast, and more *laurel* than the Duke of Wellington: but his greatest pride, and the world's envy, is, that he can have *yew* whenever he pleases.

THE MISERIES OF A LODGING-HUNTER.

Mr. EDITOR,

AMONGST that class of people whose lives may be said to pass in busy idleness, I know not any who are a greater torment to themselves and every body about them, than lodging-hunters: my friend Frank Fidget is one of that class, he lives always in furnished lodgings, but he makes it a rule never to stay long any where. In some places indeed his oddities and the disagreeableness of his temper induce them to give him warning; but where that is not the case, he finds some imaginary cause of complaint, and directly fancies that he shall be better off elsewhere. I called upon him the other morning, and found him in a violent rage with his landlady for having, as he assured me, endangered his life. I could hardly refrain from laughter when he proceeded to state, that, during a week in which he had been absent at Richmond, she actually had had his rooms scoured out, although she knew it was his express order that no part of his apartments should ever be wetted. The landlady now interrupted him to declare, that it was done on the very day on which he left town, and she was certain that the rooms must now be

entirely dry: and I immediately expressed myself of the same opinion.

"Why, zounds!" cried he to me with a most vindictive look, "one would think that you too were in a combination against me! I tell you, sir, the water, lodged in the crevices of these boards, will render them damp for twelve months to come; and if I did escape with life, the least I could expect would be to have the rheumatism for the rest of my days: but I shall run no such risk, for I am determined to go and get a lodging directly."

As I saw that it would be vain to combat this resolution, I offered myself as the companion of his walk; and we sallied forth on a fruitless inquiry after lodgings: we saw several indeed which I supposed might have suited him, but he found some objection to every one of them. In one place an old lady lodged in the second floor, whose health was delicate, and he foresaw that some time or other she might die, in which case he would be obliged to move. In another house, the landlady was very well dressed, and had altogether an air of smartness, but her manner was perfectly correct, at least I thought so: Fidget, however, was of a different opinion; he was certain her thoughts were too much occupied with gaiety and dress to allow her to render her lodgers comfortable. Our next inquiry was made at the house of an elderly couple, who appeared truly respectable, and who only took one lodger; and here I thought we should certainly come to terms, but just as we began to speak about them, a young girl entered the room with a little dog in her arms, and called out, "Mamma, Dido is sick I am sure, for she won't drink her milk."

"Why," cried Fidget, "that's a decided proof that she either is mad, or will directly become so, and you must have her hanged immediately." The girl hastily carried off her little pet, and the old lady observed, that Dido frequently refused to drink, because her daughter, who was very fond of her, gave her too much milk; therefore she was not at all alarmed, as she was sure there was no danger of madness.

"Oh! very well, ma'am," replied Fidget, "you have a right certainly to do as you please with your own life, but you will excuse my risking mine. I wish you good morning!"

As it began to grow rather late, and I was, to say the truth, tired of knocking at people's doors to no purpose, I proposed to Frank to give over his search for that day, and accompany me home to dinner; which he had just agreed to do, when "Apartments furnished" caught his eye on the window of a neat handsome house, and he immediately rapped at the door. The house was kept by a widow, a very respectable matron, who would take no other lodger, kept no dog, made her servant always wear list shoes within doors, to prevent any noise in going up or down stairs; and, in short, fell in so completely with all Fidget's peculiarities, that he whispered me she was a sensible sort of woman, and agreed with her directly for the apartments.

Just as we were going, my friend happened to cast his eye on a half-bound volume that lay on the win-

dow-seat, and on his beginning to examine it, the landlady exclaimed, "Oh! that is one of my daughter's books; she is a monstrous great reader."

"It's a pity that you should let her read such trash," cried he, "for this is a novel of the worst kind."

"Lauk! sir," replied the good woman, "to be sure I do sometimes think that the poor thing will craze herself with *larning*—read, read, read, from morning till night, and as I may say from night till morning; but as I tell her, when she gets a husband, he won't let her take her books to bed."

"What!" cried Fidget, "the young lady reads in bed, does she? You will have your house burnt over your head one of these nights."

"No, sir," replied the landlady, "for I always take her candle away myself every night."

"Oh! there's no trusting to that," cried Fidget; "she may have a bottle of phsophorus at hand. I see I have had a blessed escape: you will observe, ma'am, I don't intend to become your lodger:" and he hastened down stairs muttering execrations on novel-readers and novel-writers.

We now hastened towards my house, when a bill of lodgings to let once more caught Fidget's eye. "Let us inquire here," said he.—"To what purpose?" cried I: "you can't expect any accommodation proper for you in such a house as this."—"Why that's true," said he, "but one may just look:" and he rapped at the door, which was opened by a dirty girl, who shewed us into the parlour, and said she would call her mistress. Just as she was going up stairs, a child that was playing in the passage fell down, and while she was endeavouring to quiet it, the following dialogue reached our ears from above:—

"I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Twisttext, I won't be put off no longer, and that's flat! So let me know at once when I am to be paid."

"Verily," replied a male voice, "thou askest that which I cannot resolve. I have applied to the children of the Lord, and they have given me promises in abundance, but promises are all that I have yet had, *cætera desunt*."

"Desunt indeed," retorted the landlady; I am sure there's neither honesty nor decency in behaving in this here shabby way; and I am quite surprised at your assurance, that's what I am, to come to my house, eat my meat, drink my drink, and lodge in my rooms here for almost a whole half year, and then, because I ask for my own, to talk to me of decency——"

"Thou mistakest me: it is a Latin phrase, which signifies——"

"I don't care a farthing what it signifies. Let me have my money, there would be some signification in that."

"Verily thou lackest patience: but I will make one more appeal to the elect; I will lay the state of my case before them."

"Lord, what nonsense you talk, Mr. Twisttext! You know very well that the *Methodisses* won't do nothing for you; and if that's all the hope you can give me of getting my money, I'm sure I shall never be a *farden* the better for you; and its a shame that——"

Here she was interrupted by the maid, and without waiting to finish

her harangue, she hurried down to us. Fidget, who with all his oddities is not deficient in humanity, whispered me that he wished to know more of the person whose conversation we had overheard; and after apologizing for the trouble we had given, and saying that the rooms would not suit us, I asked the landlady whom she had got in her second floor.

"Only a poor crazy Methodist, sir," replied she, "whose head is turned I think; for morning, noon, and night, he does nothing but talk of the new birth, and babes of grace, and such nonsense. He made a very good livelihood when he came here first by teaching writing, but he has given it up, because he says we ought not to attend to earthly things, but seek for heavenly joys."

After a few more inquiries, as we had reason to believe that Twisttext was a well-meaning though weak man, I desired to speak to him. I shall not trouble you with an account of our conversation; suffice it to say, that I succeeded in persuading him to resume his occupation of writing-master; and upon his solemn promise to attend for the future to his business, and to be satisfied with picking up crumbs of comfort in his leisure hours, my friend and I paid his landlady what was due to her; and giving over our search for that day, hastened to my house to dinner.

Fidget would have persuaded me to accompany him the following morning in his search for apartments, but as I had had quite enough of it the day before, I declined doing so. He called in the course of the day to tell me, that he was most comfortably suited; and on my paying him a visit in about a week afterwards, I found that he had stumbled upon a combination of disagreeables. His landlady had taken home from nurse three squalling children, whose clamour was augmented by the noise of a macaw, which she had just received as a present. Her eldest daughter, who was learning the piano-forte, strummed on it from morning till night. The second floor was occupied by a celebrated private theatrical performer, "who bay'd the moon" with so much vehemence both of voice and action, that poor Fidget, whose bedchamber was directly under this young Hotspur's, never could get a wink of sleep; and to crown all, though they kept to the letter of his stipulation, that his *sanctum sanctorum* should never be invaded by those enemies to his repose, the scrubbing-brush and pail, yet the passages and stairs were scoured every day, and all the staircase windows opened to let a thorough air into the house. He endured this martyrdom for a fortnight, and now grown less fastidious, is returned, at least for the present, to his old apartments, upon his landlady's solemn promise never again to endanger his life through cleanliness.

As I know he takes in your valuable and entertaining work, it struck me, that a sketch of his character and peculiarities might do something towards correcting them, and by inserting this letter you will oblige your constant reader,

S. S.

[library stamp]

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XVI.

———— Vivimus ambitiosa
Paupertate ———— Juv.

A laced, embroider'd, powder'd beggar crowd,
Haughty, yet even poorer than they're proud.

Though, as a *Female Tattler*, I am characteristically confined to the virtues and errors, in short, to the conduct, in all its varieties, of my own sex, I consider myself as at full liberty to bring under my consideration those qualities and dispositions, which, being found in our general nature, may be said to belong equally, in their different shapes and colourings, to the male as to the female character.

I shall not here enter into a metaphysical disquisition on what may, or what may not be, the essential or universal difference between the sexes in a state of nature, or whether there be a characteristic difference of any kind whatever on their respective entrances into life. My philosophy does not embrace such topics, nor does it begin to reflect or to reason till the necessities of social life, and the laws and regulations arising from them, are seen to operate upon the human character. And here it may be observed, that the difference arises more from the general structure of the frame in the two sexes, and the varying mode of education which may in a great measure be supposed to result from it, than from any original distinction in the powers of the mind, or the gifts of intellect. The different portions of bodily strength is all that I shall allow; and that superiority which is claimed by the male over the female sex, can trace its original authority to nothing more than a mechanical, or, to use a more correct expression, the anotomical conformation of their respective frames; in short, to bodily strength. The common assumption of lordly man's superiority over woman is altogether artificial; and where it prevails, for I shall beg leave to observe that it is by no means universal, the effect is produced by that difference of education which is required by the superior strength of man, and consequently leads to greater exertion and more powerful energy, than is suited to, or can be employed by, the more delicate capabilities of woman.

Thus far I have argued upon the abstract character of the sexes; and as to those qualities which compose what may be called individual character, I am ready to acknowledge, that there is no greater shade of difference than the different spheres in which they are respectively called to move in society. Their passions, their foibles, their prejudices, in short, their good qualities and their bad qualities, are the same, only in the men they appear more prominent, and become more observable, from the latitude of action, and freedom from restraint, which custom allows them to enjoy.

I have made the foregoing remarks in order to introduce a subject, which, if not as common among

my own as the other sex, is sufficiently prevalent in the female character to make it a subject of my present consideration; and I am the rather induced to do it, from some particular circumstances that are actually occurring within my own observation. The lesson that is given to one is given to all; and as I know this paper will be read where I trust it will be felt, I am disposed to flatter myself, that I shall not write this lucubration in vain.

I have no objection that this introduction may be considered by my readers as an apology for the manner in which I shall treat my subject; for though I write it professedly for my own sex, I shall draw my examples principally from the conduct of the men. As the folly is common to both, I cannot be supposed to act from any idle partiality or prejudice, but merely to give that prominent figure and shape to my illustrations, which the mode I propose to pursue will more particularly enable me to produce.

There is no folly more prevalent in the present day than a desire to wear an appearance superior to circumstances and situation. A love of show and parade is sometimes carried to such a degree of excess, as to be absurd even in those who can support it; but when it predominates among those in the middling classes of life, or whose fortunes are but moderate, they are either objects of pity or ridicule, or perhaps of both. If they are prudent, as it may be called, they must practise continual meanness to support their figure; if otherwise, their love of this exterior appearance promises to terminate in ruin and bankruptcy.

My object is not to draw examples from those of the latter class, which, however merited their distresses may be, present a picture, at the sight of which our humanity must be awakened into painful sensations; but from those of the former description, whose situations are sometimes absolutely farcical, and whose folly furnishes food for laughter. Among these is Mrs. Tabitha Household, who thinks it so degrading to live in lodgings, that she employs upwards of one third of her income in the rent of a house, which she has not the means of furnishing. Every front window presents handsome curtains and Venetian blinds, to prevent the internal nakedness from being observed, as there is not a table or chair in any one apartment, but on the first floor, which is occupied by herself. She never fails to introduce, whenever an opportunity offers, and in a very emphatic tone, "My house in —— street;" and the language of the kitchen constantly is, that the house is not to be completely furnished till the lady's sister arrives from the East Indies. As this important visitor has been expected for five or six years, and is not yet arrived, curiosity has indulged in inquiries, and it is shrewdly imagined that no such person exists, and that pride will continue to maintain the house in all its nakedness to the end of the chapter.

In three manuscript volumes in my possession, which contain a great variety of private histories, collected by an uncle of mine, an old bachelor, and a very curious

personage, I find a characteristic anecdote which suits my present purpose, and may not, perhaps, be unamusing to my readers.

This relation of mine possessed an independent fortune, and had received a superior education, which, in his early years, had been improved by travel. His manners and knowledge fitted him for any society, and his cheerful spirits made him even welcome in the circles which he frequented; but from what cause his life took the singular cast and colour which distinguished it, does not appear to have been known. There was a traditionary opinion, that his peculiarities arose from the old story of being crossed in love in the early part of his life, but I never heard of any well-authenticated circumstance that tended to confirm it. A club in St. James's-street, two or three of the most respectable coffee-houses, and the shops of the higher order of booksellers, were his places of resort during the winter, and a tour through the principal watering-places employed his summer. Such was the course of his inoffensive, but I am afraid I must add unprofitable, life during the space of forty years.

His means of observation, therefore, were very extensive. He saw every body, and heard every thing; and he noted down whatever he saw or heard that appeared to him worth preserving. From one of the volumes which he left behind him, I shall extract the character to which I have already alluded. It bears this title:—

"A Gentleman who, with a small Fortune, wished to make a handsome Figure, without ever running in Debt; or, A Picture of Folly and Prudence, of Vanity and Meanness."

After some general account of the pedigree of this person, and some well-written observations on the nature and probable causes of the singularity that marked his character, which it is not necessary for me to repeat, he proceeds by a transcript of different articles in a diary, which fully illustrate it. They are as follows:—

"My wife rather indisposed for a week, so went out every day and asked a single man's dinner among my friends.—*Mem.* Saved seven dinners at home."

"Went to church every Wednesday and Friday in Lent; kept fast accordingly, when the family dined on salt fish and parsnips.—*Mem.* Saved butcher's meat during twelve days."

"Saw Mr. ——, the actor, fall down in the street in an apparent state of intoxication; assisted in putting him into a hackney coach, and attended him home. Took care to leave my address. He called on me the next day to thank me for my attentions, when he offered to procure me orders at any time for the theatre where he performed.—*Mem.* My wife and I went six times into the boxes during the remainder of the season *for nothing*."

"My aunt left me 100*l.* Used the same mourning I had new for my uncle, and wore it two months over the stated time.—*Mem.* So much saving of *coloured clothes* and *washing of white stockings*."

"Went to the oratorio of the *Messiah;* sat in the two-shilling gallery. If we should have been

seen there, to say that is the place where all the cognoscenti go, as the only part where Handel's music is heard to perfection."

"My wife had a party to cards; lost four shillings. Gave five shillings out of the card money to the footman, and, after deducting for spermaceti lights and refreshments, gained a *dollar* by the night. Made use of the receipt given us by our neighbour the apothecary, to make lemonade with vitriol, Lisbon sugar, and decoction of squeezed lemons.—*Mem.* Three dozen of lemons saved."

"Having received a present of a turkey, a ham, a hare, and some hog's puddings, from the country, invited some of our particular friends to supper. To give a genteel air to the entertainment, added what was left of the fillet of veal, hashed up from a receipt in the cookery-book, half a dozen tartlets, and some blancmange. Introduced currant and gooseberry wine made by my late aunt, which every body drank out of respect to her memory, instead of port and sherry. Invitations to six dinners in return for the supper.—*Mem.* That we may not be expected to return the dinners, my wife to be much indisposed when called upon by her more intimate acquaintance during the rest of the season; and never to go out but on very fine days, and for the benefit of the air."

"Received the annual present of half a buck from my old school-fellow Mr. B——, who has a large park.—*Mem.* Exchanged it with the fishmonger for twelve dishes of fish, on demand, value seven shillings and sixpence each."

"To-morrow I receive my midsummer dividends, and to-day I do not owe five shillings in the world."

"*Mem.* To order one of the dishes of fish from the fishmonger on Thursday; open a fresh bottle of white wine, and drink success in two bumpers at least to the saving blessings of *honest contrivance*."

There may be some rather strong marks of meanness in this conduct, but, after all, the parsimony, such as it is, which has been described, is far preferable to that inconsiderate love of figure, which leads to distress, if not to ruin.

My good uncle made it a point of honour to omit the names of the persons who were the subjects of his remarks and descriptions; but there is a general declaration written on the first page of each of his manuscript volumes, from whence it is to be inferred, that there is not a single article in any one of them that he did not himself know to be true, or was not communicated to him on such authority as to leave no doubt whatever of its authenticity.

I had extracted several other characters, which would have answered my present purpose, and amused my readers, but the space allotted me will not allow of any additions. I shall, therefore, conclude with the observation, that true economy does not merely consist in not exceeding our income, but in such a judicious management of it, as renders our whole appearance equal and consistent.

F—— T——.

DESCRIPTION OF A REMARKABLE CAVE IN WARREN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, NORTH AMERICA,

In a Letter from Dr. NAHUM WARD, *dated at Marietta (Ohio), April* 4, 1816.

THE country for a considerable distance round the cave is not mountainous, yet broken and rolling. It was seven in the evening when I reached the hospitable mansion of Mr. Miller (the overseer of Messrs. Wilkins and Gratz, in whose land the cave opens), who met me at the gate, and as he anticipated my object, bade me welcome to all his house afforded.

During the evening, Mr. Miller made arrangements for my visiting the cave next morning, by procuring me two guides, lamps, &c. I could hardly rest during the night, so much had my curiosity been excited by my host's account of the "regular confusions" in this subterraneous world.

At eight in the morning I left the house, in company with my guides, taking with us two large lamps, a compass, and something for refreshments; and entered the cave about 60 rods from the house, down through a pit 40 feet deep, and 120 in circumference, at the bottom of which is a fine spring of water. When at the bottom of this pit, you are at the entrance of the cave, which opens to the north, and is from 40 to 50 feet high, and about 30 in width, for upwards of 40 rods, when it is not more than ten feet wide and five feet high. However, this continues but a short distance, when it expands to 30 or 40 feet in width, and is about 20 in height for about one mile, until you come to the First Hoppers, where saltpetre is manufactured. Thence it is about 40 feet in width and 60 in height to the Second Hoppers, two miles from the entrance. The loose limestone has been laid up into handsome walls, on either side, almost the whole distance from the entrance to the Second Hoppers. The road is hard, and as smooth as a flag pavement. The walls of the cavern are perpendicular in every passage that I traversed; the arches are regular in every part, and have bid defiance even to earthquakes. One of my guides informed me, he was at the Second Hoppers, in 1812, with several workmen, when those heavy shocks came on, which were so severely felt in this country. He said, that about five minutes before the shock, a heavy rumbling noise was heard coming out of the cave like a mighty wind; that when that ceased, the rocks cracked, and all appeared to be going in a moment to final destruction. However, no one was injured, although large rocks fell in some parts of the cave.

As you advance into the cave, the avenue leads from the Second Hoppers, west, one mile; then S. W. to the "chief city," which is six miles from the entrance. This avenue is from 60 to 100 feet in height, and about the same in width, the whole distance, after you leave the Second Hoppers, until you come to the cross roads, or chief city, and is nearly upon a level; the floor or bottom being covered with loose limestone and saltpetre earth.— When I reached this immense area

(chief city), which contains upwards of eight acres, without a single pillar to support the arch, which is entire over the whole, I was struck dumb with astonishment.

I can give you but a faint idea of this chief city. Nothing under Heaven can be more sublime and grand than this place, covered with one solid arch at least 100 feet high, and to all appearance entire.

After entering the chief city, I perceived five large avenues leading out of it, from 60 to 100 feet in width, and from 40 to 80 in height. The walls (all of stone) are arched, and are from 40 to 80 feet perpendicular height before the arch commences.

The first which I traversed, after cutting arrows on the stones under our feet, pointing to the mouth of the cave (in fact, we did this at the entrance of every avenue, that we should not be at any loss for the way out on our return), was one that led us in a southerly direction for more than two miles. We then left it and took another, that led us east, then north, for more than two miles farther; and at last, in our windings, were brought out by another avenue into the chief city again, after traversing different avenues for more than five miles.

We rested ourselves for a few minutes on some limestone slabs near the centre of this gloomy area, and after having refreshed us and trimmed our lamps, we took our departure a second time, through an avenue almost north, and parallel with the avenue leading from the chief city to the mouth of the cave, which we continued for upwards of two miles, when we entered the second city. This is covered with one arch; nearly 200 feet high in the centre, and very similar to the chief city, except in the number of avenues leading from it, this having but two.

We passed through it over a very considerable rise in the centre, and descended through an avenue which bore to the east about 300 rods, when we came upon a third area, about 100 feet square and 50 in height, which had a pure and delightful stream of water issuing from the side of the wall about 30 feet high, and which fell upon some broken stone, and was afterwards entirely lost to our view. After passing this beautiful sheet of water a few yards, we came to the end of this passage.

We then returned about 100 yards, and entered a small avenue (over a considerable mass of stone) to our right, which carried us south, through an uncommonly black avenue, something more than a mile, when we ascended a very steep hill about 60 yards, which carried us within the walls of the fourth city, which is not inferior to the second, having an arch that covers at least six acres. In this last avenue, the farther end of which must be four miles from the chief city, and ten from the mouth of the cave, are upwards of twenty large piles of saltpetre earth on one side of the avenue, and broken limestone heaped up on the other, evidently the work of human hands.

I had expected, from the course of my needle, that this avenue would have carried us round to the chief city, but was sadly disappointed when I found the end a few hundred yards from the fourth city, which caused us to retrace our

steps; and not having been so particular in marking the entrances of the different avenues as I ought, we were very much bewildered, and once completely lost for fifteen or twenty minutes.

At length we found our way, and, weary and faint, entered the chief city at ten at night: however, as much fatigued as I was, I determined to explore the cave as long as my lights held out.

We now entered the fifth and last avenue from the chief city, which carried us south-east about 900 yards, when we entered the fifth city, whose arch covers upwards of four acres of level ground strewed with broken limestone. Fire-beds of uncommon size, with brands of cane lying around them, are interspersed throughout this city. We crossed over to the opposite side, and entered an avenue that carried us east about 250 rods, when, finding nothing interesting in this passage, we turned back, and crossed a massy pile of stone in the mouth of a large avenue, which I noticed but a few yards from this last-mentioned city as I came out of it. After some difficulty in passing over this mass of limestone, we entered a large avenue, whose walls were the most perfect of any that we saw, running almost due south for 500 rods, and very level and straight, with an elegant arch. When at the end of this avenue, and while I was sketching a plan of the cave, one of my guides, who had been some time groping among the broken stone, called out, requesting me to follow him.

I gathered up my papers and compass, and after giving the guide who sat with me, orders to remain where he was until we returned, and moreover to keep his lamp in good order, I followed the first, who had entered a vertical passage just large enough to admit his body. We continued to step from one stone to another, until at last, after much difficulty, from the smallness of the passage, which is about 40 feet in height, we entered upon the side of a chamber, at least 1800 feet in circumference, and whose arch is about 150 feet high in the centre. After having marked arrows (pointing downwards) upon the slabstones around the little passage through which we had ascended, we walked forward nearly to the centre of this area.

It was past midnight when I entered this chamber of eternal darkness, "where all things are hush'd, and nature's self lies dead." I must acknowledge I felt a shivering horror at my situation, when I looked back upon the different avenues through which I had passed since I entered the cave at eight in the morning; and at that "time o'night, when churchyards groan," to be buried several miles in the dark recesses of this awful cavern—the grave perhaps of thousands of human beings—gave me no very pleasant sensations. With the guide who was now with me I took the only avenue leading from this chamber, and traversed it for the distance of a mile in a southerly direction, when my lamps forbade my going farther, as they were nearly exhausted. The avenue, or passage, was as large as any that we had entered, and how far we might have travelled had our lights held out, is unknown. It is supposed by

all who have any knowledge of this cave, that Green River, a stream navigable several hundred miles, passes over three branches of this cave.

It was near one o'clock at night when we descended "the passage of the chimney," as it is called, to the guide whom I left seated on the rocks. He was quite alarmed at our long absence, and was heard by us a long time before we reached the passage to descend to him, hallooing with all his might, fearing we had lost our track in the ruins above.

Very near the vertical passage, and not far from where I had left my guide sitting, I found some very beautiful specimens of soda, which I brought out with me.

We returned over piles of saltpetre earth and fire-beds, out of one avenue into another, until at last, with great fatigue and a dim light, we entered the walls of the chief city, where, for the last time, we trimmed our lamps, and entered the spacious avenue that carried us to the Second Hoppers.

I found, when in the last-mentioned large avenue or upper chamber, many curiosities, such as glauber salts, Epsom salts, flint, yellow ochre, spar of different kinds, and some petrifactions, which I brought out, together with the mummy which was found at the Second Hoppers. We happily arrived at the mouth of the cave about three in the morning, nearly exhausted, and worn down with nineteen hours' continued fatigue.

I was near fainting on leaving the cave and inhaling the vapid air of the atmosphere, after having so long breathed the pure air which is occasioned by the nitre of the cave. The pulse beat stronger when in the cave, but not so fast as when upon the surface.

I have described to you hardly one half of the cave, as the avenues between the mouth of the cave and the Second Hoppers have not been named. There is a passage in the main avenue, about 60 rods from the entrance, like that of a trap-door. By sliding aside a large flat stone, you can descend 16 or 18 feet in a very narrow defile, where the passage comes upon a level, and winds about in such a manner as to pass under the main passage without having any communication with it, and at last opens into the main cave by two large passages just beyond the Second Hoppers. It is called the "glauber salt-room," from salts of that kind being found there. There is also the sick-room, the bat-room, and the flint-room, all of which are large, and some of them quite long. The last that I shall mention is a very winding avenue, which branches off at the Second Hoppers, and runs west and south-west for more than two miles. This is called the "haunted chamber," from the echo of the sound made in it. The arch of this avenue is very beautifully encrusted with limestone spar; and in many places the columns of spar are truly elegant, extending from the ceiling to the floor. I discovered in this avenue a very high dome, in or near the centre of the arch, apparently 50 feet high, hung in rich drapery, festooned in the most fanciful manner, for six or eight feet from the hangings, and in colours the most rich and brilliant.

The columns of spar and the sta-

lactites in this chamber are extremely romantic in their appearance, with the reflection of one or two lights. There is a cellar formed of this spar, called "Wilkins' armed chair," which is very large, and stands in the centre of the avenue, and is encircled with many smaller ones. Columns of spar, fluted and studded with knobs of spar and stalactites; drapery of various colours, superbly festooned, and hung in the most graceful manner, are shewn with the greatest brilliancy from the reflection of lamps.

A part of the "haunted chamber" is directly over the bat-room, which passes under the "haunted chamber" without having any connection with it. My guide led me into a very narrow defile on the left side of this chamber, and about 100 yards from "Wilkins' armed chair," over the side of a smooth limestone rock, 10 or 12 feet, which we passed with much precaution; for, had we slipped from our hold, we had gone to "that bourne whence no traveller returns," if I may judge from a cataract of water, whose dismal sound we heard a very considerable distance in this pit, and nearly under us. However, we crossed in safety, clinging fast to the wall, and winding down under the "haunted chamber," and through a very narrow passage for 30 or 40 yards, when our course was west, and the passage 20 or 30 feet in width, and from 10 to 18 high, for more than a mile. The air was pure and delightful in this, as well as in other parts of the cave. At the farther part of this avenue we came upon a reservoir of water, very clear, and delightful to the taste, apparently having neither inlet nor outlet.

Within a few yards of this reservoir of water, on the right hand of the cave, there is an avenue which leads to the north-west. We had entered it but about 40 feet, when we came to several columns of the most brilliant spar, 60 or 70 feet in height, and almost perpendicular, which stand in basins of water, that comes trickling down their sides, then passes off silently from the basins, and enters the cavities of stone without being seen again. These columns of spar, and the basins they rest in, for splendour and beauty, surpass every similar work of art I ever saw. We passed by these columns, and entered a small but beautiful chamber, whose walls were about 20 feet apart, and the arch not more than seven high, white as white-wash would have made it; the floor was level as far as I explored it, which was not a great distance, as I found many pit-holes in my path that appeared to have been lately sunk, and which induced me to return.

We returned by the beautiful pool of water which is called "the pool of Clitorius," after the "Pons Clitorius" of the classics, which was so pure and delightful to the taste, that after drinking of it a person has no longer a taste for wine. On our way back to the narrow defile, I had some difficulty in keeping my lights, for the bats were so numerous and continual in our faces, that it was next to impossible to get along in safety. I brought this trouble on myself by my own want of forethought; for, as we were moving on, I noticed a large number of these bats hang-

ing by their hind legs to the arch, which was not above twelve inches higher than my head. I took my cane and gave a sweep the whole length of it, when down they fell; but soon, like so many imps, they tormented us until we reached the narrow defile, when they left us. We returned by "Wilkins' arm chair," and back to the Second Hoppers.

It was at this place I found the mummy which I before alluded to, where it had been placed by Mr. Wilkins, from another cave, for preservation. It is a female, about six feet in height, and so perfectly dried as to weigh but 20 pounds when I found it; the hair on the back part of the head is rather short, and of a sandy hue—the top of the head is bald—the eyes are sunk into the head—the nose, or that part which is cartilaginous, is dried down to the bones of the face—the lips are dried away, and discovered a fine set of teeth, white as ivory. The hands and feet are perfect even to the nails, and very delicate like those of a young person; but the teeth are worn as much as a person's at the age of fifty.

She must have been some personage of high destinction, if we may judge from the order in which she was buried. Mr. Wilkins informed me she was first found by some labourers, while digging saltpetre-earth in a part of the cave about three miles from the entrance, buried eight feet deep between four limestone slabs, and in the posture she is exhibited in the drawing I sent you. [Seated, the knees brought close to the body, which is erect, the hands clasped and laid upon the stomach, the head upright].—She was muffled up, and covered with a number of garments made of a species of wild hemp and the bark of a willow, which formerly grew in Kentucky. The cloth is of a curious texture and fabric, made up in the form of blankets or winding-sheets, with very handsome borders. Bags of different sizes were found by her side, made of the same cloth, in which were deposited her jewels, beads, trinkets, and implements of industry, all which are very great curiosities, being different from any thing of the Indian kind ever exhibited in this country. Among the articles was a musical instrument, made in two pieces, of cane, put together something like the double flageolet, and curiously interwoven with elegant feathers; she had likewise by her a bowl of uncommon workmanship, and a vandyke made of feathers, very beautiful.

My friend, Mr. Wilkins, gave me the mummy, which I brought away, together with her apparel, jewels, music, &c.

THE WINE-CASK OF KONIGSTEIN.

At the castle of Königstein, on the western bank of the Elbe, about five English miles from Dresden, the water drunk by the garrison is drawn from a well, 300 fathoms deep, the sinking of which was a work of forty years, before a sufficient quantity of water could be obtained. It is said that this garrison is always stocked with provisions for twenty-six years.

In this castle is deposited the

largest wine-cask in the known world: it was begun in the year 1722, and finished in 1725, under the direction of General Kyaw. The length of this cask is 28 feet; the diameter, at the bung, 26 feet; it consists of 157 staves, eight inches thick; one head consists of 26, the other of 28 boards; each head weighs 78 hundred weight.

This cask, as soon as finished, was filled with 6000 quintals of Meissen wine, which cost 6000*l.* sterling. It contains 649 hogsheads more than the famous cask of Heidelberg.

Upon one of the heads of this enormous cask is a Latin inscription, to this effect:—

"Welcome, traveller, and admire this monument, dedicated to festivity, in order to exhilarate the mind with a cheerful glass, in the year 1725, by Frederic Augustus King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, the father of his country, the Titus of his age, the delight of mankind. Drink therefore to the health of the Sovereign, the Country, the Electoral Family, and Baron Kyaw, governor of Königstein; and if thou art able according to the dignity of the cask, the most capacious of all casks, drink to the prosperity of the whole universe. Farewell!"

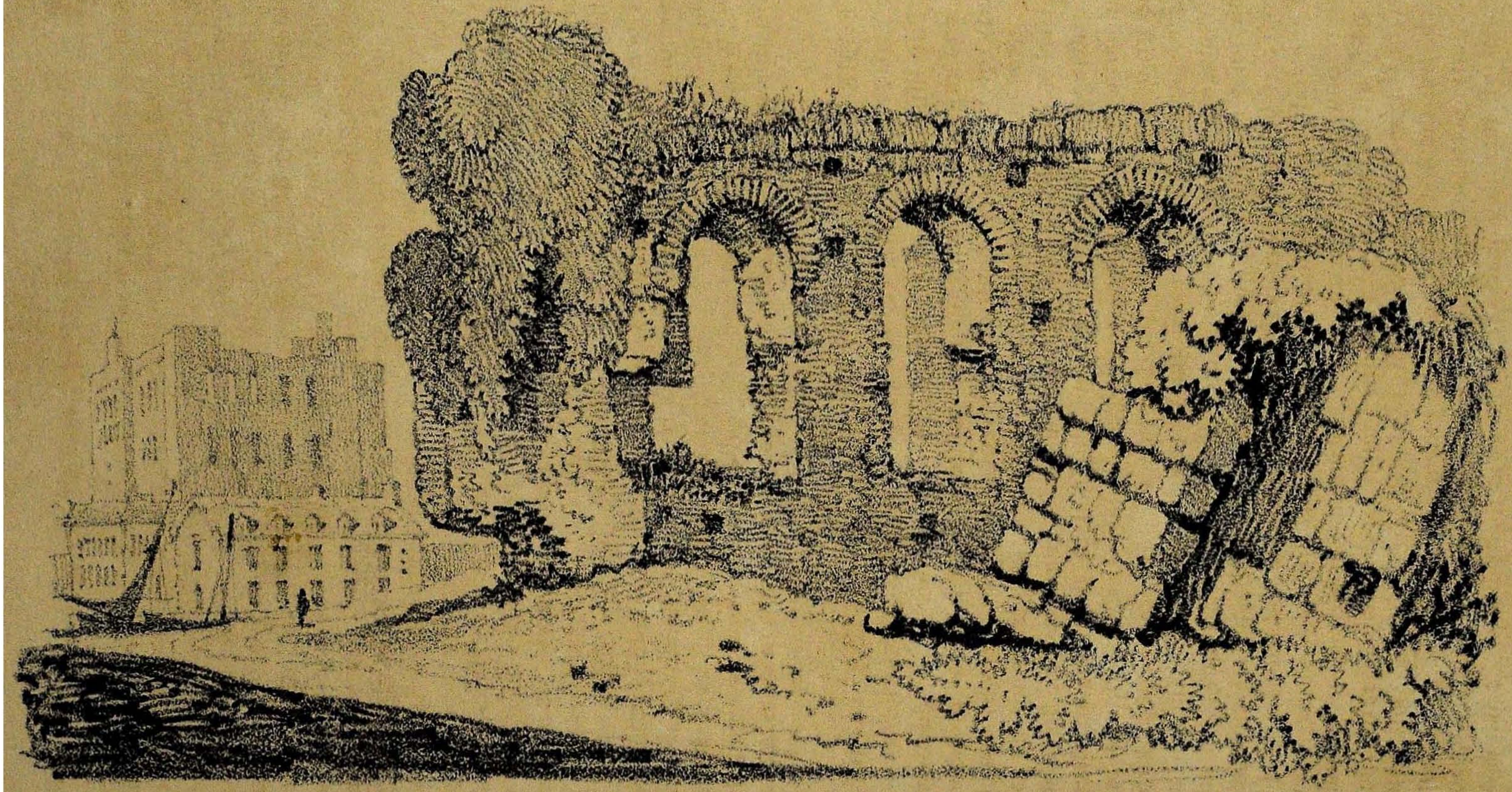
The top of this cask is railed in, and affords room sufficient for twenty persons to regale themselves; and several sorts of large goblets, called *welcome-cups*, are offered to those who delight in such honours.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE ART OF LITHOGRAPHY,

Or Process for taking Fac-Simile Impressions of Drawings from Stone.

THE lithographic art resembles that of engraving only in the property of indefinitely multiplying the same design. Though it does not seem capable of ever rivaling engraving upon copper in the charm and harmony of the strokes, and in the gradation and shades of the chiaroscuro, it has, however, this advantage over it—of not being the copy of a design, but the design itself; of being the original work of the draftsman repeated in every impression that is taken off.

Aloysius Sennefelder, an indifferent singer at the theatre of Münich, was the first that noticed the property possessed by calcareous stones of retaining marks traced upon them with a greasy ink, and transmitting fac-similes of them to paper applied by strong pressure to their surface. He discovered, moreover, that it was possible to repeat the same effect by damping the stone, and charging the same marks afresh with ink. In 1800 he obtained of the King of Bavaria an exclusive privilege for the practice of his process for thirteen years; and in conjunction with Baron Aretin, he formed a lithographic establishment at Münich, where music and collections of copies of different kinds are still printed. In the sequel, several similar establishments sprung up in the Bavarian capital; but none of them contributed so essentially to the progress of the lithographic art as that founded by Baron Aretin and M. Manlich, whence issued the beautiful collection of copies from the productions of the great



masters, that adorn the cabinet of his Bavarian majesty.

Notwithstanding the success that has attended the cultivation of this art at Münich, it is but little known and practised in any other part of Europe. The failure of the different attempts made some years since to introduce it into this country, has hitherto operated as an effectual check to new experiments. In France, the Count de Lasteyrie, convinced of the advantages of this process, paid several visits to Münich, and endeavoured to form a lithographic establishment at Paris. He has even composed a treatise, containing all the details of this art; but neither this work, nor the result of his essays, has ever been made public: so that artists would still be in the dark on this subject had not M. Engelmann, of Mühlhausen, after practising the art at one of the extremities of France, surmounted various difficulties to introduce it into the capital.

Our readers will not expect a full and particular description of all the details of the lithographic process; but we shall endeavour to give them such a general idea of it as all may comprehend.

The effects produced by a stroke made upon stone with a fatty or resinous matter, are the very simple results of affinities, the applications of which had not been previously remarked.

1. It is certain that a mark made with a crayon, or an oily ink, adheres so strongly to the stone, that mechanical means must be employed to remove it.

2. All the parts of the stone not covered with an oily coat, receive, retain, and absorb water.

3. If upon the stone thus prepared there be laid a coat of greasy and coloured matter, it will adhere only to the marks made with the oily ink, and be repelled on the other hand by the wetted parts.

In short, the lithographic process depends upon this circumstance, that the stone damped with water refuses the ink, and that the same stone, when greased, repels water and takes the ink. If, then, a sheet of paper be laid and pressed upon the stone, the oily, resinous, and coloured strokes alone will be transferred to the paper, and produce on it a counter-proof of what they represented upon the stone. Facsimiles may likewise be obtained, looking the same way as the original, by transposing upon the stone a drawing made upon prepared paper. We may hence conclude, that certain lithographic processes are totally different from those of engraving; and as they depend on affinities and repulsions produced by substances of different natures, it is possible, by varying them, we may obtain effects which we are not yet aware of.

All stones susceptible of taking in a greasy substance, and of imbibing water with facility, are suitable for lithography, provided they be compact, capable of receiving a fine polish, and of a clear and uniform colour. All these qualities are found in certain calcareous stones furnished in abundance by the quarries of Solenhofen, near Pappenheim, in Bavaria. They consist of a nearly pure carbonate of lime, and are met with in various parts of England. When the stone is prepared and polished, the artist may, without any farther prepara-

tion, sketch his design in any manner whatever, and finish it either with the crayon*, the pen, or the pencil—the grain of the stone being smoother and finer than the finest and best-strained drawing-paper for the two latter.

The learned Quatremère de Quincy, in a paper lately published on the subject of this art, has thrown out some ingenious observations on the probability that some such process was known to the ancients.

"It has always been matter of astonishment," says he, "that the ancients, who executed a great number of works cut out, or in relief, upon wood, metals, and hard stones, and having of course taken impressions of all the objects thus engraved, should not have found out either the art of printing or that of line-engraving. We shall not, however, be so much surprised at this, if we consider that necessity is the primary cause of almost all inventions. The ancients wrote and read much less than the moderns. Their way of life, their political occupations, public exercises, games, and spectacles, kept the men almost always from home. Neither were there the same communications of commerce, taste, and science, between all parts of the ancient world as at present exist. The multiplication of writings, by means of manuscript copies, was sufficient for all their wants.

"The state of things was very different in Europe at the time of the revival of the arts and sciences. When the zeal of the learned recovered the writings of the ancients, it was not merely a few scholars, but whole nations who wished to benefit by their discoveries. Civil and religious studies had produced a prodigious multiplication of books and readers. An economical method of copying could not fail to result from the extraordinary demand for copyists; and as the price of the latter kept continually rising, necessity caused that to be discovered, or, in other words, to be observed, which had hitherto escaped observation.

"No sooner were books multiplied by means of printing, than it became necessary also to multiply the images which illustrated them, and were formerly produced only by the slow and expensive processes of painting and drawing by hand; and then it was that Mazzo Finiguerra applied to this purpose the method which he employed for obtaining impressions of his works. Hence arose copper-plate engraving.

"I have always been of opinion that the ancients employed some similar process, especially at Rome, when the taste of amateurs had called for the multiplication of images in libraries and of family portraits, in the collections that were formed of them. Atticus had already formed a considerable collection of portraits in a volume, when Varro's iconographic collection of illustrious persons amounted to seven hundred. But are we to suppose, that what was termed Varro's invention—an invention which Pliny so highly extols—was confined to the collecting of portraits, coloured or uncoloured?

* For crayons, it is necessary that a grain or tooth be made upon the stone with fine sand.

Atticus, we see, was a collector before him. Augmentation of number is not an invention. Can it be said to have consisted in this, that Varro, instead of possessing a single set, multiplied his portraits by copies? Neither would this be any invention, for in all ages works in every branch of the arts had been multiplied by copying. Could Pliny have characterized so vulgar a method as 'an invention, of which the very gods were jealous, which enables great men to triumph over death and time, and not only gives them immortality, but, by the general diffusion of their images, causes the whole world to enjoy their presence in the collections which contain them?' Most certainly the idea of sending volumes into different countries could not constitute an invention either. It is, therefore, extremely probable, that some method of multiplying images, drawn or coloured, formed the ground-work of this invention of Varro's; and this process, which might be very different from our engraving, has not been transmitted to us. Who knows, in fact, how many equivalents for engraving may exist? and who could have supposed that an art would ever be invented for multiplying designs themselves by mechanical means? How much yet remains to be discovered! Necessity alone, as it comes to be felt, will unfold new methods of multiplying works of art."

The lithographic art was brought over to this country in 1801 by M. Andrée, of Offenbach, in its rude and original state. He published some specimens of different artists, but no improvement has since been made in it here. The admirable productions, however, which have of late appeared at Münich, consisting as well of the works of modern artists as of imitations of ancient masters, for which lithography is peculiarly adapted, have excited a spirit of emulation in Mr. Ackermann, who is determined to use his best endeavours to rival the professors of this art on the continent.

The annexed view, a drawing in chalk by Mr. Prout, exhibits an early specimen of the productions of Ackermann's Lithographic Press. He hopes to have his arrangements in sufficient forwardness to employ the lithographic process in gratifying the public with farther specimens on the 1st of May next.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Fifteen easy and progressive Lessons for the Piano-Forte, composed by Augustus Alexander Klengel. Op. 21. Book I. Pr. 6s.

We have on more than one occasion, in the course of our critical functions, expressed a wish that composers of *acknowledged abilities* would more frequently devote the exercise of their talents to the advancement of pupils *in the first stage of instruction*, by writing pieces, which should combine progressive facility of execution with agreeable melody and good harmony. This wish, we are happy to state, is not only completely satisfied by the publication before us, but even surpassed by an additional, and, in our opinion, highly important feature of

advantage, the adhibition of the Metronome, or Musical Time-keeper, throughout the book. Indeed, the work is avowedly written "for the purpose of instructing pupils in the useful application of the metronome." Every lesson is metronomically numbered in a twofold manner, *i. e.* according to the slowest time in which the learner ought to begin to practise it, from which tempo he is directed gradually, and as he feels himself able, to quicken his ensuing trials, until he shall be capable of playing the piece at its true rate of time, which is indicated by a second metronomic signature. This is precisely as it should be, and does credit to the judgment of the author, who appears to be properly impressed with the importance of the use of the metronome in musical instruction. As for ourselves, we have almost daily practical evidence of the advantages of this invention. We would, however, *not yet* have gone quite so far as to dispense altogether with the usual Italian terms, *allegro*, &c. an omission which leaves those that are not provided with the above-mentioned instrument, at an absolute uncertainty in what time they are to play these lessons.

The lessons themselves are entitled to our warmest approbation. Commencing with a degree of facility which lies within the reach of a very beginner, they proceed, step by step, towards augmented activity of the fingers, and greater fulness of harmonic arrangement. This progression, it is true, is somewhat rapid for the range of only fifteen lessons; but to have made it less sensible, would have required the interpolation of many more lessons, and thereby have greatly raised the price of the work, the reasonableness of which we deem a very great recommendation. The melodies are agreeable and select; and the harmonic treatment bespeaks the hand of a master in his art, without being fraught with intricacies, which, in a work of this kind, would have been quite misplaced.

It gives us pleasure to find that we are to expect a continuation of Mr. K.'s useful labour in this line, which will supply the student with a proper course of *elementary* exercises, preparatory to his entering upon the more elaborate and intricate studies of Clementi and Cramer.

"*The Lover's Melody*," *composed, and respectfully inscribed to Mrs. Dingwall*, by F. J. Klose. Pr. 2s.

The words of this canzonet, sung by Mr. Duruset at Covent-Garden theatre, are of a more plaintive cast than the air, which would scarcely have led us to suppose, that an unfortunate lover, in the fulness of his grief, was alluding to a death in despair, and to the grave. In other respects, the tune, although simple, is pleasing and well connected. At the words "with*in the* grave" the melody drags heavily, the syllable "in" being drawn into a whole bar, and the succeeding "the" into another of two dotted crotchets. This might easily have been avoided by repeating the word "within." It also appears to us, that the peculiarity of the verse has given rise to rhythmical unevenness in the music. The lines are these:—

When I am absent far from thee,
Perhaps within the grave,
Ah! say, wilt thou remember me?
And, though thou couldst not save,
Yet love me ever?

Now Mr. K.'s melody, consisting of four periods, completely arrives at a close at "save," and the fifth line is rendered by a sort of coda, forming the *fifth* period of four bars. This appears to us awkward, and to steer clear of the objection, some little contrivance would have been necessary, so as to produce, by means of words repeated, *six* complete periods of four bars each.

"*Though the Day of my Destiny's over,*" *Stanzas to * * *, written by the Right Hon. Lord Byron; the Music composed, and respectfully inscribed to J. Webster, Esq.* by F. J. Klose. Pr. 2s.

The melody and harmony of this air are distinguished by proper style, taste, and select arrangement; the vocal part proceeds in a pleasing unaffected manner, and the accompaniments are equally agreeable and unlaboured, so that moderate abilities may do justice to the author's production. Without absolutely finding fault with the semiquavered terminations at *over, painted*, &c. (for they are unfortunately too common in English vocal compositions), we must observe, that they ought not to be resorted to unless the accent in the pronunciation absolutely demands such a sacrifice to good taste. They snap the period disagreeably. Mr. K. is bred up in too good a school not to be aware of this, and in the instrumental introduction he has very properly avoided the objection; but habit and compliance with a prevailing practice will gradually exert their influence on the best ear and judgment.

Dr. Cooke's favourite Glee, "Hark, the Lark at Heav'n's Gate sings," adapted, with a new Symphony, so as to form an easy Lesson for the Piano-Forte, composed, and inscribed to Miss Amelia Sage Ley, of Battersea, by W. R. Callender. Pr. 1s.

This is a continuation of Mr. C.'s monthly musical labours, noticed in a former number of the *Repository*, and it is less liable to the objection, on the score of difficulty, urged by us with regard to the first specimen (Callar Herrings). The symphony and coda are appropriate and agreeable; and the harmonic arrangement is neat, and, upon the whole, satisfactory. Not to mention one or two minor inaccuracies of harmony, the 31st bar is seriously faulty: first, on account of the doubling of the G※ in the 30th bar; and, secondly, because the progress from G※, B to F※, A, C※ sounds consecutive fifths, inasmuch as the latter chord *is* a fifth, and, in the preceding, the E, although left out, is heard or understood. Contrary motion, as in this instance, is by no means an *infallible* remedy against erroneous harmonic progression.

Twenty-four Questions, containing all that is necessary as an Introduction to Music, composed and arranged by W. R. Callender. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Twenty-four questions, and their answers, printed on four pages, may perhaps convey all that is most immediately essential in the first stage of tuition, but certainly not all that is necessary by way of introduction. Nevertheless we agree with Mr. C. that a concise abstract

of the rudiments in this form must be very useful to the pupil. What it does not contain the master will supply, and what it does, will not, by its bulk, discourage the learner from committing it to memory. Among the definitions, that of syncopated notes had better been omitted in an abridged sketch like this, than to give it a place with so obscure an explanation; and upon what calculation the minor third should contain four semitones, and the major third five (instead of three and four), we cannot conceive. On that principle of counting, there would be thirteen semitones in the octave. As this paper is exclusively for children, there should be no bad English in it, such as "used *for* to write notes on," seperate, &c. These, and some other errors in language, ought to be corrected before another impression be struck off.

No. IV. "*Cambria*," *a new Medley Divertimento, composed of popular Welsh Melodies, arranged in a familiar Style for the Use of young Practitioners on the Piano-Forte*, by J. Monro. Pr. 2s.

Mr. Monro's *Albion*, *Caledonia*, and *Hibernia*, have been noticed in former numbers of the *Repository*. This book, which completes the musical survey of the British Isles, contains about a dozen of select Welsh airs, correctly and neatly harmonized, so as to be accessible to incipient proficiency. We should, therefore, not be at all displeased if the author, now he has settled all at home, were to cross the Channel, in order to present us with a *Gallia*, *Hispania*, &c.

"*Sweet Winny, the Maid of the Dee*," *a favourite Ballad, sung by Mr. Broadhurst at the London Concerts; set to Music, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte*, by J. Monro. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The words of this ballad are written by Mr. Upton, and extracted from the *Sporting Magazine*, No. 288; and the unaffected expression of pastoral love which they convey, has been appropriately seconded by the melody devised by Mr. Monro. We perceive in the latter nothing original or peculiarly striking, but the style of the air is satisfactory: the ideas are naturally strung together, and the accompaniments are effective, tasteful, and correct.

"*The grateful Cottager*," *a Ballad, sung with great applause by Master Williams at the Nobility's Concerts, written and composed* by the Author of the Village Milk-Maid. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Numerous faults, typographical and grammatical, act as a drawback on the merit of this ballad. The melody is conceived in a neat and tasteful pastoral style, and its progress is throughout well linked, so that the whole presents a pleasing flow of select ideas. With these advantages, derived probably from *natural* talent, it is, on the one hand, a matter of regret to discover a want of theoretical principles, while, on the other, the unpleasing task of the critic to notice errors is likely to be profitable in the end.

The following are the most obvious faults:—*Bar* 6, *st.* 2, G𝄪 instead of A ♭ *(grammatical error)*—the second G should be G ♮ *(typographical error)*;—*bar* 7 and *bar* 39, *st.* 2, the 4th semiquaver should be E instead of F—and the chord of the bass is an octave too low, which

is practically inconvenient, and harmonically against the rules of progression;—*bar* 12 should, with the exception of the F in the bass of *bar* 28, have been like *bar* 28, where the sharpened third softens the temporary dissonance;—*bar* 22, *st.* 2, the two first B's should have been D's;—*bar* 23, *st.* 2, the A ※ should have been B ♮;—*bar* 24, the G in the second chord is improper;—*bar* 28, the F in the bass, we hope, is a typographical error;—*bar* 33, the F in the bass is quite out of its place. We suspect it to be intentionally placed. Why not plainly G 7?—*Bar* 35 is shocking; its principal objection consists in the cutting fifth A, E: and the solution in the next bar is equally unsatisfactory.

As we have entered into this detail with the best intentions, we trust the author will not mistake our motives. A promising soil claims good cultivation, and, with that, will produce good fruit.

Favourite Melodies of various Nations for the German Flute, with Accompaniments for the Piano-Forte, selected from the Compositions of celebrated Authors, and dedicated, by Permission, to Lord Churchill, by W. Wheatstone, Professor of the German Flute. No. I. Pr. 3s.

Mr. Wheatstone, whose ingenious invention of an artificial *embouchure* for the flute we have noticed in an early number of the *Repository*, has made the selection before us with taste and judgment. Among the tunes introduced, we observe two or three elegant modern dances—"Hope told a flattering tale," "Sul margine d'un rio," "Henry's Cottage Maid," "A prey to tender anguish," one or two Scotch airs, &c. In all these the flute has the melody, and the piano-forte the accompaniment; which latter will no doubt prove an acceptable addition to most amateurs, more particularly as the assistance from the piano-forte is such as not to require great proficiency, and yet to prove effective and satisfactory. The flute part, too, is by no means difficult, nothing in the shape of variations being introduced. The typographical execution is extremely neat: we have discovered but one error, viz. in the 12th *bar*, *p.* 9, where the B in the piano-forte part should have been C.

THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS *from* NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

ON THE POPULATION OF AMERICA.

(From Dr. WILLIAMSON'S *Observations on the Climate of America.*)

(*Continued from p.* 176.)

THE opinion that "animal nature degenerates in America," is poetical and imaginary; for it has no foundation in nature. It is not from any vice in the climate, nor the want of proper food, but from the happy state of our country, from the general ease with which men have supported themselves in America, that domestic animals have

been supposed to degenerate. Nothing less than necessity has ever produced diligence in any kingdom or state. The man who has little to do, acquires habits of idleness, and he does less. In Europe, where the means of living are difficult, pasturage scarce and forage dear, the farmer is restrained in the number of his cattle; for this reason the cattle he keeps are attended with great care. They are duly housed and fed; the largest and best are preserved for breed, and every thing is done by which the size may be increased, and the value enhanced of the few he has for sale. The forests, in America, supplied the stock with pasture during the summer, and during the winter, in some of the colonies, when they were first settled. In the northern colonies, the cattle were fed in winter, but they were seldom housed. Hence it follows, that they were shrivelled and diminished, by cold storms, hail, and snow, as the human species have been diminished in Lapland and Siberia. In addition to those diminishing causes, the first colonists, in most cases, were inattentive to the size of the male or female from which their cattle were to spring. We have a remarkable instance, in the Chickesaw nation, of the bad effects of breeding from diminutive parents. Those Indians were originally furnished by De Soto with a breed of Spanish horses*. In that country the horses provided for themselves, the soil being good and the climate warm. The Indians, towards the middle of the last century, discovered that their horses were a valuable article of commerce; they could be exchanged for guns, blankets, and other necessaries; but the traders, in all cases, bought the largest horses, and the smallest were left to continue the breed. The effect is obvious, for the Chickesaw horses are confessedly smaller than they were fifty years ago. Other causes, sufficiently numerous, may be given of quadrupeds degenerating in America, under the shrivelling hand of indolence and neglect; but it would not follow, from a thousand such examples, that America cannot produce a race of animals large and vigorous as similar animals in the old continent. I do not say that America has produced greater or stronger animals than ever were seen on the opposite part of the globe, but we know that bones have been found, both in North and South America, of sundry animals, granivorous and carnivorous, that were greatly superior in size to the elephant, the lion, or any other beast now living in the old continent. Although the beast, whose bones and claws were lately found in Green Brier, in Virginia*, must have been a carnivorous animal, and greatly superior to the lion in strength, we cannot affirm that he was equally fierce; for it is admitted, that lions who are found near Mount Atlas are neither so fierce nor strong as those which are nourished on the burning deserts of Nigritia. From this we infer, that extreme heat conduces to the ferocity of beasts of prey, and that animals of the carnivorous kind are less ferocious in America than in

* De Soto passed a winter among the Chickesaws, near the river Mississippi, and left some of his horses there.

* See Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, vol. IV. p. 246.

the hotter regions of the other continent. With respect to our domestic animals, whose parents have been imported from Europe, we should not boast in our turn, by saying that the present race is larger or stronger than those who were imported; but we may affirm, without danger of being refuted, that there are numerous instances of cattle, lately raised in the United States, full as large as any of the same kind in Europe. If it should be alleged that animals frequently improve under the influence of our happy soil and climate, we might quote an author of great reputation, who lived in Europe, in favour of that position*. Speaking of Chili in South America, he says, "The animals of our hemisphere not only multiply, but improve in this delightful region. The horned cattle are of a larger size than those of Spain. Its breed of horses surpass, both in beauty and spirit, the famous Andalusian race from which they sprang."

Does the human race degenerate in America? We are much interested in this question, whatever the fate of quadrupeds may be. The want of beard in the American savage, has commonly been mentioned as a proof that he is of an inferior race of animals; or that he is greatly degenerated. "The beardless countenance and smooth skin of the American seem to indicate a defect of vigour, occasioned by some vice in his frame. He is destitute of one sign of manhood and strength†." From the Indian's supposed want of beard, philosophers seem to have inferred his want of strength, courage, and affection for the other sex. The Indians, like the Tartars and other Asiatics from whom they are chiefly descended, have thin beards; but writers who urge their want of beard, in proof that they are a new race of men, do not consider that there are numerous tribes or nations in the eastern parts of the old continent, who, like the Indians, appear to be without any beard. They constantly pluck it out. The islanders in the South Sea have beards, as we are told by Captain Cook; but many of them pluck it out, or the greater part of it, as well as the hair from under their arms. Whoever takes the trouble to make himself acquainted with the subject, must think it strange that an opinion destitute of truth, without other foundation than distant and hasty observation, should have obtained so general a credit in Europe. At a meeting of Indians from different tribes, in the year 1796, I examined near fifty of them, and there was not, in that number, a single Indian without a beard. There were Indians of the Chocktaw, the Chickesaw, the Cherokee, the Creek, the Chipawa, and the Shawanese nations. Their beards in general were shaved, but some of the chiefs had suffered whiskers to remain on the upper lip, or they suffered a small portion on the chin to grow to a considerable length*. One of the Shawanese chiefs had strong

* Robertson's *History of America.*

† Ibid.

* Lawson, speaking of the Indians on a branch of Clarendon river, in North Carolina, in the year 1706, says, "Most of those Indians wear mustachios, or whiskers, which is rare, by reason the Indians are a people that commonly pluck the hair of their faces, and other parts, up by the root, and suffer none to grow."
—Lawson's *History of Carolina.*

whiskers upon his upper lip, and so had a Chickesaw and a Cherokee chief. As the Indians seem to know that they have been regarded as an inferior, beardless race of men, it is not improbable that the custom of wearing whiskers, such as we have observed, by some of their chiefs, may have originated in pride; or it may be considered as a mark of seniority and rank. A dark skin does not shew the beard when shaved, but whiskers are very conspicuous. The habit of shaving is modern among the Indians, and such is probably the use of whiskers, for the ancient custom was to pluck out the beard. It was pulled out by the finger-nails, as some of them allege, and others of them describe other modes by which it was extirpated. The tedious hours of an idle savage, sitting on the ground more than half his time; without work, without books, without converse, and almost without thought, must have been relieved by the frequent and trifling exercise of plucking the beard. And it is not improbable that the desire of some employment, which required little motion, and little exertion of the mind, gave rise to that other absurd, but very common practice among savages, tatooing, or marking the skin by various paints and figures. It appears strange, at first sight, that a custom so unnatural as pricking the skin, and marking it with different paints, should prevail among the savage nations in Africa and Asia, in the South Seas and in America. The Arabs mark their lips, as well as the arms and body, with blue paint*. Customs like these, which originated in whim, or rather in the desire of relieving tedious hours by some employment, produce a considerable change in the external form: and that adventitious form is soon regarded as a criterion of beauty; it becomes general in the nation. The Indians, like the Tartars, frequently cut the hair from the greater part of their head. This custom was prior to the use of scissars among them. Some old Indians whom I consulted on this subject, allege that their ancestors, not having sharp instruments, had recourse to fire, such is their tradition, for removing the hair. They singed it off with a live coal of hickory, or some other hard wood. These observations on the subject of beards perfectly agree with the testimony of other people. I have been assured by traders and gentlemen who have conversed much with the Indians, and lived among them on terms of the utmost familiarity, that Indians, in all cases, have hair, exactly as white people have it; without any difference, except that it is thinner. As their taste begins to change, from their acquaintance with white people, they are less solicitous at present to extirpate those hairs which are not supposed, as formerly, to mar the beauty.

We know that women among the American Indians, are forced to perform all the hard labour that is necessary to the support of a family. The husband smokes his pipe, or sleeps in his cabin, while his wife hoes the corn, with a child at her back. By this mark of apathy or unkindness to his female, the American savage is supposed to be distinguished from other men.

* Pietro della Valle. The savage mountaineers in the kingdom of Ava, in India, disfigured themselves by tatooing.

"Marriage itself, instead of being an union of affection and interest between equals, becomes among them the unnatural conjunction of a master with his slave*." The author of this remark was not unacquainted with the manners of rude nations in the old continent; and if he had sought for a satisfactory proof, that men are all of the same family, and that the disposition is not changed by an extraordinary change of climate, he would have found such a proof in the conduct of the American savage to his female.

There is no living creature on the old continent, bird or beast, that is so much distinguished as man, in his uncultivated state, by the want of kindness to his female companion. The male bird is most assiduous in helping his mate to feed their young. Some males among the beasts, when their assistance is not wanted, neglect their female; but none of them adds to her trouble, or treats her with cruelty. Man alone is distinguished by the want of kindness, and by cruelty to his female. Perhaps Russia may be the only country in which the tyranny of a husband is reduced to a system, and avowed in the marriage ceremony; but Russia is not the only part of the old continent in which the wife is a slave to her husband. The Arabian does not suffer his wife to eat with him; he would, as he conceives, be degraded by her company; but he compels her to bring wood and water, to dress his victuals, and to perform every other menial service. His sons are taught to despise their mother. She is not suffered to eat with them after they are eight or ten years old. In that ancient nation, we see the character of men, who are not perfectly civilized, as it may be traced, through all shades and colours, in the old continent, or the islands connected with it. In many of the nations of Europe, who presume to call other men savages, the weak and humble wife continues to suffer under the chastisement of a master. We have reason to believe that man is the greatest tyrant upon earth. His strength is the measure of his conduct. The little despot in his family, and the great despot on his throne, exhibit the same character. Those who are weaker may expect to smart beneath the arm of power. Women are indebted to civilization alone for the happiness they enjoy in some parts of the world; and their situation, in every part, must be improved by the progress of knowledge. We soon discover that all permanent happiness depends on sentiment and reflection. The consciousness of giving protection and comfort to those who place themselves under our care; to those who are weaker and need our assistance, is the solace and reward of men who feel and reason; it is the source of their greatest happiness. The pleasure that arises from domestic attachments, from the constant exercise of kindness to a wife and children, cannot be equalled by all the other enjoyments in life. The greater part of our species, in the old world, have not discovered this truth. Idle and indolent, governed by passion and not by reason, they remain inexorable tyrants. If a separate race of men had been

* Robertson's *History of America.*

formed for America, in which animals are said to be less fierce, or less savage, it is probable that the man of America would have been less cruel to his female than the tyrant of the old world: but his manners on this head give an additional proof, that he is of the old family.

After stating the great resemblance that is found between the American savage and his savage brother in other parts of the world, it can hardly be necessary to give many other proofs that they are too much alike. The American Indians are described as men who are passionately fond of strong drink. On this head they perfectly resemble the savage and half savage of the old continent. The Tartar gets drunk with fermented mare's milk; the Mahometan, with opium and the smoke of tobacco; the ancient Scythians intoxicated themselves with the fumes of hemp-seed; the Celtic and Teutonic nations, with ale and mead; the African gets drunk with brandy. We say nothing of the modern nations that are more civilized, who, to the reproach of nationality, seem to have a pleasure in resembling beasts. Weary of decent deportment, and fatigued with the trouble of thinking, they deliberately sit down to deprive themselves of reason. The American savage is equally attached to drinking and gambling with his European brother.

The nations of America have been represented as men of little strength; but as they are known to be at least equal in size to those of the other continent, they may also be presumed to be their equals in strength, when they are fed in the same manner, and equally accustomed to labour. Such of them as have been employed, from Nantucket, in whaling, can hardly be matched at an oar. Activity, combined with strength, renders them excellent seamen.

The courage of the American savage has been mentioned, like his other qualities, in terms of reproach; he is said to be "plus craintif et plus lâche*," more timid and more cowardly. The Indians make war by stratagem, but they are not therefore to be deemed cowards. They are not very numerous, for which reason they are not prodigal of life. The point of honour with an Indian chief, does not consist in facing his enemy in the field, but in saving his own men. Such is the dictate of prudence. The Spartan youth were trained to all kinds of stealth and stratagem, that they might the better be enabled to surprise an enemy; but the Spartans were among the bravest of men. When it became proper or necessary to face an enemy, they never turned their backs. It is admitted that Indians have shewn the most astonishing degree of fortitude in bearing torture. This has been called passive courage; but the same men are supposed to be deficient in active courage; and this strange conjecture is founded on their art of war, which differs from that of Europeans. The Indian secures himself in battle by a tree or some other cover. If a cover be a mark of cowardice, our ancestors, who fought in armour, were deficient in active courage, and so are the

* Buffon.

moderns, who avail themselves of trenches or any other species of fortification. The object of an Indian chief is to destroy his enemy, with as little loss to himself as possible. Having this object in view, he avails himself of the best means in his power; nor is he afraid of reproach, while he adheres to his purpose. We have seen instances, too many, of brainless white commanders, who have sacrificed half of their men in fruitless and hopeless actions, only because they feared lest they should be suspected of the want of courage. The virtues of Fabius were not less admired, when he patiently endured the insults of an enemy, than when he met that enemy in the field. Men are less afraid of reproach, when they are conscious of not deserving it. In whatever manner the Indians may think fit to meet an enemy, they give unquestionable proofs that they are not afraid of death. Surrounded in a block-house, without ammunition, we have known them perish in the flames, because they would not surrender and become prisoners. When I say that the Indian mode of fighting, under cover, is the dictate of policy, not of fear, I am prepared to give instances, not a few, in which they have shewn proofs of undaunted courage in the open field, when the other mode of fighting could not be adopted. It is found that our woodsmen are rather an overmatch for the Indians, in correct shooting with a rifle; but our chief advantage, in disputes with the native savage, must ever consist in superior numbers, or the use of cavalry. When America was first discovered, the natives appeared contemptible and dastardly, from their want of arms. A white man to an Indian was then a giant to a pigmy; but an Indian, well provided with arms, is now become a dangerous enemy.

By a general view of the human race and its varieties on the old continent, and by comparing those people with the original inhabitants of America, we must be convinced that men are all descended from the same stock, and that America was peopled from the other continent; but we have no information concerning the time in which the first colonists were transported. The great extent of population in America, when Columbus made his discoveries, about three hundred years ago, is a sufficient proof that many years had elapsed since the aborigines had come to this continent; but the modern date of the largest and most populous empires then existing in America, has been supposed to justify a belief, that the first settlement of America was recent, when compared with that of the other continent. At the period to which I refer, America was settled in all directions, from north to south, although no part of it was fully peopled; nor had any progress been made in those arts which are the fruit of necessity in old and numerous societies. Those circumstances, however, can neither be urged in proof of a very ancient nor a very recent settlement. Migrations, in the old continent, have lately been the effect of a crowded population; but migrations in America sprang from a different cause. The first adventurers, who were little attached

to their native soil, could hardly be attached to a particular part of the land they had discovered. Sustaining themselves without labour in a country that abounded in game, they acquired habits of idleness. When the game became scarce in one part, they removed to another. The same spirit produces the same effects among the present white inhabitants of North America. The more adventurous, more fickle, or more indolent, move to the frontiers, and settle upon new lands. When the range is impaired, or the game diminished, those very men, or their children, move onward, and follow the range; for they raise little corn, eating flesh instead of bread; whence their habits of idleness become inveterate. As the ocean yields a supply of food, that is more easily caught than birds or beasts, it follows that the sea-coast was first explored; but the greater number of inhabitants were found in warm or temperate climates, because in such climates the means of subsistence were easy. In this manner every part of America may have been visited, and scattered settlements formed, within a few centuries after it was first discovered. In this manner too, as we are taught by civil history, the other continent was originally settled. The first migrations were not the effect of a crowded population; they were caused by a rambling or adventurous temper. Every country was first visited by single families, or by small parties, who migrated in the spirit of ambition, discontent, or caprice, from young colonies or new governments. We have the names of men on the other continent, who were celebrated as the founders of government; but those men, in every case, appear to have found a weak, unconnected race of savages, scattered over the country in which they fixed their empire. They certainly did not migrate from a crowded hive, whoever they may have been. When the small tribes who first settled in America, had destroyed the game in one place, they removed to another without difficulty or opposition; but in the process of time, migrations were not effected without trouble, for all the country was claimed as hunting-ground by one tribe or another. In that case hostilities commenced, and men were destroyed, that bears and buffaloes might have room to breed. The failure of game caused the Indians, in some cases, to turn their attention to agriculture; and it appears that successful chiefs, in the usual spirit of domination, in some cases extended their authority, by adding weaker tribes to their respective empires. In this manner, the monarchs of Peru and Mexico were extending their domains when the Spaniards visited this continent; and in this manner the greatest empires formerly sprang up in the other hemisphere. But Mexico and Peru may have been well peopled, many a century before there was a monarch in either of those countries.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI

THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

(From *The Conflagration of Moscow,* by the Rev. C. Colton.)

Hail! nobly-daring, wisely-desperate deed:
Moscow is Paris, should the Gaul succeed.
Then perish temple, palace, fort, or tow'r,
That screens a foeman in this vengeful hour;
Let self-devotion rule this righteous cause,
And triumph o'er affections, customs, laws;
With Roman daring be the flag unfurl'd--
Themselves they conquer'd first, and then the world;
Be this the dirge o'er Moscow's mighty grave—
She stood to foster, but she fell to save!
Her flames like Judah's guardian pillar, rose,
To shield her children, to confound her foes;
That mighty beacon must not blaze in vain,
It rouses earth, and streams high o'er the main.
The sacrifice is made, the deed is done,
Russia! thy woes are finish'd, Gaul's begun!
From pine-plough'd Baltic, to that ice-bound coast
Where Desolation lives, and life is lost,
Bid all thy Centaur-sons around thee close,
Suckled in storms, and cradled on the snows,
Hard as that sea of stone, that belts their strand
With marble wave, more solid than the land;
Men fiercer than their skies, inured to toil,
And as the grave tenacious of their spoil,—
Throng'd as the locust, as the lion brave,
Fleet as the pard that hies her young to save;
Tell them their King, their Father, takes the field,
A host his presence—and his cause a shield!
Nor strike the blow, till all thy northern hive
Concentering thick for death or glory strive;
Then round th' Invader swarm, his death-fraught cloud,
While the white desert girds him like a shroud,—
Full on his front and rear the battle-tide
With arm of lightning, hoof of thunder guide;
Soon shall the Gaul his transient triumph rue,
Fierce burns the victim, and the altar too.
Now sinks the blood-red sun, eclips'd by light,
And yields his throne to far more brilliant night.
Rous'd by the flames, the blast, with rushing sound,
Both fed and fann'd the ruin that it found.
Long stood each stately tower, and column high,
And saw the molten gulph beneath them lie;
Long rear'd their heads th' aspiring flames above,
As stood the giants when they warr'd with Jove.—
Conquer'd at length, with hideous crash they fall,
And one o'erwhelming havoc covers all.
Nor Ætna, nor Vesuvius, though combin'd
In horrid league, and chafed by every wind
That from the hoarse Æolian cave is driven,
Could with such wreck astound both earth and heaven.
Rage, Elements! wreck, ravage all ye can,
Ye are not half so fierce as man to man!

Wide and more wide, self-warn'd, without command,
Gaul's awe-struck files their circling wings expand;
Through many a stage of horrors had they past,
The climax this, the direst as the last;
Albeit unused o'er others' griefs to moan,
Soon shall they purchase feeling from their own.
From flank to centre, and from rear to van,
The billowing, crackling conflagration ran,—
Wraps earth in sulphurous wave, and now the skies
With tall colossal magnitude defies,—
Extends her base, while sword and spear retire,
Weak as the bulrush to the lava's ire.
Long had that circle, belted wide and far
By burnish'd helm, and bristling steel of war,
Presented hideous to the Gallic host
One blazing sea, one adamantine coast!
High o'er their head the bickering radiance towers,
Or falls from clouds of smoke in scorching showers:
Beneath the crimson concave long they stood,
Like bordering pines when lightning fires the wood,
And as they hemm'd that grim horizon in,
Each read in each the terrors of the scene.
Some fear'd—accusing Conscience waked the fear,—
The DAY of wrath and retribution near,
Deem'd that they heard that thund'rous VOICE proclaim,
"Thou moon to blood be turn'd, thou Earth to flame!"
Red-robed Destruction far and wide extends
Her thousand arms, and summons all her Fiends
To glut their fill, a gaunt and ghastly brood!
Their food is carnage, and their drink is blood,
Their music, woe; nor did that feast of hell
Fit concert want—the conquerors' savage yell,—
Their groans and shrieks whom sickness, age, or wound,
Or changeless fearless love in fatal durance bound.
While Valour sternly sighs, while Beauty weeps,
And Vengeance, soon to wake like Sampson, sleeps,
Shrouded in flame, th' Imperial City low
Like Dagon's temple falls! but falls to crush the Foe.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 22.—PARISIAN BALL DRESS.

A FROCK of white *tulle* over a white satin slip; the upper part of the body is formed of a piece of *tulle* set in full, the lower part plain, and ornamented by three rolls of white satin, which form a cestus. The sleeve, very short and full, is ornamented also by rolls, which are placed byas across the arm, and finished in the middle by a bow of ribbon. Two bows of ribbon are placed, one on the middle, the other at the end of the shoulder-strap, in front. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with three rolls of white satin, above which are placed bows of ribbon at regular distances, and they are surmounted by a triple row of rolls. An apron of *tulle*, trimmed with pointed blond, gives an elegant finish to this dress: it is much wider at the bottom than the top, and is sufficiently short to dis-

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI
HAL.

WALKING DRESS.

play the trimming of the dress. The hair is dressed very light and low on the temples in front, and the hind hair braided and brought round the crown of the head. It is ornamented only with a band and bow of white satin. White satin slippers. White kid gloves, finished by bows of ribbon at the top.

PLATE 23.—WALKING DRESS.

Muslin high dress, made a walking length; the skirt trimmed with a deep double flounce of muslin, pointed round the edge, and worked in a light running pattern: the heading corresponds. Over this dress is a spencer of blush-coloured figured sarsnet, made very short in the waist; the body is plain at top, but has a little fulness at the bottom of the waist. For the form of the front, which is tastefully ornamented with frogs, we refer our readers to our print. A small standing collar supports a double frill of lace round the throat. Plain long sleeves, finished at the wrist by frogs. Bonnet *à la Flore*, composed of satin, to correspond with the spencer. The form of this bonnet is new and extremely pretty; the crown is oval, rather low, plain at the top, and full in the middle. The front, which is very deep, is edged with an intermixture of blond and white silk cord. It is finished by pink strings, and a bunch of exotics in front. White kid gloves. Blush-colour kid slippers.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The fair votaries of Fashion have now, in a great measure, laid aside the heavy costume of winter. Rich levantines and elegant fancy poplins have taken place of cloth and velvet, though the latter is still worn for spencers. White merino cloth is also occasionally adopted both for spencers and pelisses by some *belles* of undoubted fashion. These pelisses are lined and trimmed either with azure, blush-colour, or pale green. They have a very elegant appearance, but they afford no novelty to present to our fair readers.

The spencer and bonnet, which we have given in our print, are the most elegant dress promenade or carriage costume that we have seen. Next to it in estimation is a pelisse composed of apple-green levantine, lined with white satin, and trimmed with a wreath of white satin leaves. The skirt is finished by a large fancy flower, composed also of white satin, which is placed at each corner of the front breadth. The body, which is quite tight to the shape, is rendered novel and striking by the fanciful manner in which a wreath, to correspond with the trimming of the skirt, is disposed round the bust. Plain long sleeve, surmounted by a small white satin half-sleeve, and finished at the wrist by a binding of white satin. The collar of the pelisse, which comes up close round the throat, is formed by a fulness of white satin, intermixed with rows of lace, which has a very elegant effect; and there is generally a very full narrow lace ruff attached to the long sleeve. This pelisse is upon the whole elegant and tasteful, though we must observe, that we think it never ought to be worn by under-sized *belles*, or by those ladies who are much inclined to *embonpoint*.

Rich silk scarfs continue to be

worn, thrown carelessly round the shoulders. China crape, net silk, and imitation of India, are also in estimation.

Bonnets of Leghorn and satin, particularly white satin intermixed with fancy velvet, are very genteel; but the promenade hat generally adopted by our most tonish *élégantes* is the *chapeau de Versailles*, formed of pearl, in the manner of whalebone, which is now more generally worn. This hat, which has been just introduced, is of a very novel form. The crown is lower than those of last season, and is much sloped at the sides; the brim is thrown up in front, and being cut square to the chin, forms a very becoming shape. The beauty and elegance of the material render it probable that it will continue long in favour.

Plain jaconot, striped and cambric muslins, are universally adopted for morning dress. The most prevailing form is a high dress, which buttons behind; the back is generally full, and of the same breadth as last month. The front is cut byas, and shews to great advantage the shape of the bust. The upper part of the body is sometimes composed of alternate strips of work and lace, both which are let in plain, and it is finished round the throat by a double or triple frill of lace, which falls over. The long sleeve has very little fulness; it is finished from the wrist about half way to the elbow by full bands of muslin let in between small tucks, of which there are frequently four or five together. If the body is ornamented with work and lace, rows of work are substituted for these bands of muslin. The skirt is trimmed almost to the knee with either work, lace, or full bands of muslin, which are interspersed between rows of tucks. All this trimming is injurious to the figure, unless the wearer is tall: it is not, however, so bad as the heavy flounces and furbelows of last year.

The *corset des Graces*, which we noticed in a former number, is still the most fashionable stay among the higher circles. We perceive that a very considerable improvement has taken place in its form. The perfect ease and freedom experienced by the wearer of this corset, as well as the elegance which it gives to the *contour* of the shape, has procured it, we understand, very distinguished patronage.

A new article for pelisses, which is also very appropriate for half dress, has just been submitted to our inspection; it is a black brocaded silk, embroidered round the bottom in the style of the French shawls, but in a much smaller pattern. This silk is very rich, and in light colours would be beautiful, but in black we think it too heavy for the approaching season. Muslin is greatly in favour for dinner dress, but slight silks are likewise much worn. Frocks are universally adopted in dinner as well as evening dress, and long sleeves still continue very general in the former. We have nothing novel to announce in the form of dinner dress. We have seen one composed of fine India muslin, the skirt of which was ornamented in a new and very tasteful style: plain bands of letting-in lace were attached to pieces of muslin half a quarter in breadth; two of these

were let in round the skirt in waves, each wave ornamented by a trimming of narrow lace. The bottom was finished by a very full double flounce of lace. The body of this dress was composed entirely of letting-in lace. The sleeve long, and formed of bands of plain net, joined by letting-in lace; it was cut byas, and had a very pretty effect. A double row of lace, plaited very full, stood up round the back of the neck, and was brought down in a point to the end of the shoulder-strap in front. The bosom was rather too much exposed, but the general effect of the dress was elegant and striking.

The materials for full dress continue the same as last month, with the exception of black satin, which is little worn. We have noticed a new and very elegant article for full dress; it is a fancy gauze, of a very slight but glossy texture, embroidered in the loom in a running pattern round the bottom of the skirt, of either shamrocks, oak-leaves, or laurel, in various shades of green. Short sleeves are now very generally adopted in full dress. Long ones, if at all worn, are composed in general of white lace. There is very little variation in the materials for trimmings since last month. We observed one on a lady at the Opera the other evening, which was extremely pretty, though rather too much in the old French style (we allude to the quantity), for the dress was trimmed nearly to the knee. It was a blue crape frock, ornamented round the bottom of the skirt with *rouleaus* of blue satin, which were laid on white net: the net was excessively full, and the fulness confined at distances of about half a quarter by small blue silk ornaments. Had there been three instead of six *rouleaus* of satin, the effect would have been very pretty.

The gipsy mantle, composed of fine cloth, the colour a mixture of French grey and white, is much in request for the opera. It is a short mantle cut byas, and lined either with blue or pink sarsnet. A hood, lined to correspond, renders it a very comfortable envelope, as the head and throat may be shielded at pleasure from the cold air in getting in or out of a carriage. The mantle, however, would answer the purpose for which it is intended much better, if it was made longer; but as it is adopted by *belles* of the highest rank, we think it likely to continue a favourite.

Tocques have declined considerably in estimation since our last numbers. Flowers are now the prevailing ornament for *élégantes* of all ages: we must, however, except very old ladies. Full garlands placed on one side of the head, a bunch of flowers put very far back, or a half-wreath, which is also placed far back, is the prevalent style for full dress. A row of pearls is frequently brought round the front hair, and a bunch of flowers placed close to the tuft formed by the hind hair. Diamond and pearl sprigs, tiaras, and other ornaments in precious stones, are seen only in grand parties.

White satin half, or rather we should say quarter, boots are again beginning to appear in full dress. They are cut extremely low, and trimmed with white silk fringe, or

sometimes embroidery. We cannot, however, reconcile them to our ideas of full dress.

Fashionable colours for the month are, azure, pearl-grey, apple-green, blush-colour, and lilac.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, March 20, 1817.

My dear Sophia,

As I found by your last letter that you were so very desirous of appearing at Lady N——'s ball dressed *à la mode Française*, I have sent you a drawing of a ball dress which is in very high estimation here*. You may have it made either in crape, gauze, or *tulle*, but you must wear it over a white satin slip.

Notwithstanding the approach of spring, our promenade dresses are still heavy. The most fashionable material for the morning promenade is merino cloth of a slight texture; it is extremely fine, soft, and glossy. Round dresses of white merino, the body perfectly tight to the shape, with a small standing collar, are worn by our most tonish *élégantes.* The long sleeve is nearly tight to the arm, and is ornamented only by a small satin cuff. The trimming is composed of three *rouleaus* of white satin. A white silk square shawl, the border richly embroidered in natural flowers, and a bonnet with a front so large that it nearly conceals the face, and without any ornament but a plain band and strings, completes a plain and gentlewomanly walking dress.

Short round dresses, which are worn only with pelerines to correspond, are, however, also in considerable estimation. They are made principally in merino cloth; green, slate-colour, and deep blue of a peculiarly brilliant tint, are the colours most fashionable for cloth dresses. They are made to display in the most advantageous manner the *contour* of the shape: the pelerine just reaches to the shoulder. The bottom of the gown and the pelerine are trimmed with silk plush. They are generally shorter than the muslin slip worn underneath, which is very richly embroidered round the bottom.

The materials of hats vary as much as their form, and I might fill half a dozen sheets of paper were I to attempt a description of them all. Velvet, *gros de Naples,* and silk plush are most in favour for undress, both for hats and *capotes;* and satin, crape, and *gros de Naples* are most fashionable for half-dress hats. But the form? you cry. Well, then, for undress: the prevalent shape is a bonnet, the crown rather higher than they have been for some time past, and broader at the top than the bottom. The front, which is very deep, turns up. Green, citron, slate-colour, and lilac of a shade inclining to red, are the favourite colours. Rose-colour and lilac are most in favour for linings. Citron is also fashionable; lilac bonnets are generally lined with it: the effect is, as you may suppose, extremely glaring and inelegant.

Large bands of plaited ribbon are a favourite trimming for un-

* We have presented our readers with this beautiful dress in our print of a Parisian ball dress.

dress bonnets. These bands are sometimes laid byas across the linings, and as the fronts of bonnets project greatly from the face, the linings are very visible. The brims both of hats and bonnets are now edged only with satin, both blond and marabouts being exploded.

Hats have varied a little in form since my last letter; the crowns are rather higher and the brims smaller. The crowns of the most fashionable hats are ornamented with five or six bands of satin, and a bunch of flowers is generally placed a little on one side of the front. Double hyacinths, daffodils, lilies, and bunches of rose-buds, are most in favour; but china-asters, bunches of heart's-ease, and violets, are also worn.

There is nothing novel in morning dress. *Perkale* is much worn for dinner parties, as is also plain sarsnet. In the former, the trimming consists of three rows of points of the same material, placed one above another round the bottom of the skirt. The sleeve is cut round the wrist in points, and a small-pointed pelerine is affixed to the back of the dress, but comes no farther than the shoulder in front. Dinner gowns still continue to be cut low round the bust, but the neck, and even the throat, is entirely concealed by the *fichu*. Those of worked muslin are now most fashionable: they are made exactly to the shape of the neck; a full band of muslin goes round the throat, and is surmounted by a lace frill; and a double row of lace, set on very full, goes round the bust.

Dinner dresses are trimmed only with plain bands of satin, and those never exceed three in number; two are more general. Waists still continue very short; and there is an ornament generally affixed to them, which I cannot designate better than by the term *Frisk:* it is a piece about the breadth of half a quarter, of the same material as the dress, bound with narrow ribbon, underneath which is tacked a wire-ribbon; it is doubled and sewed very full all round the back of the gown: the effect is whimsical, and not unpleasing.

Tocques and turbans have given place to the cap *à la Bacchante;* which is now universally adopted for evening parties; it is made of embroidered *tulle*, or for *grand costume*, it is composed of silver lama. The crown of this whimsical head-dress is of the same shape as those of the *tocques*, but it has a small brim, which is trimmed with plaited *tulle.* It is ornamented with a half-wreath of roses, a plume of marabout feathers, or more frequently with bunches of grapes: this last ornament is certainly the most appropriate. This head-dress is placed very far back upon the head, and much to the left side. It is neither elegant nor becoming, but at this moment it is perfectly the rage.

Nothing can be more elegant or tasteful than the *coeffeures* worn at court by the Duchess de Berri. I have never seen finer hair than that of her royal highness; its colour is a pale chesnut, and it is uncommonly luxuriant. She is very fond of appearing *en cheveux*, which is dressed sometimes in light loose curls on the temples; the hind hair, twisted up *à la Grecque*, is brought to the left side, where it forms a large knot, round which is a row of

pearls. Sometimes the knot is fastened by a diamond comb. A Provence rose is placed among the full curls on her temples at the right side.

She appeared lately at a ball with her hair dressed very much in the style of our Charles II.'s court, except that the curls were raised on each side of the middle of the head by rows of blue ribbon, which formed a large knot in the centre of the back of the head.

A very elegant style of head-dress, and one which is much adopted in the higher circles, is a scarf of silver gauze trimmed with silver fringe; it is brought round the head, and fastened at the right side, so as to form a drapery. A full plume of heron or bird of paradise feathers, is placed on the left side, so as to droop a little over the forehead.

I did not conclude my letter yesterday, as I was going to an evening party, and I waited to see whether I should have any novelty to send you. The dress which I admired most was a frock, composed of white *tulle*, and worn over a slip of the patent blush-colour: it was trimmed round the bottom of the skirt with a deep flounce of blond lace, which was surmounted by a roll of pink satin; a row of pearls is twisted round this roll. A fall of blond, with a heading of plain blond, trimmed the bosom; and the bottom of the sleeve, which was very short, was trimmed with three quillings of plain blond. This dress, though really pretty and tasteful, is neither so novel nor striking as the one I have sent you; but the style in which the lady who wore it had her hair dressed, struck me as being particularly elegant and becoming. The front hair was disposed in a single row of light loose ringlets, and dressed very low at the sides. The hind hair was turned up very full, and rather high; and a part of the front hair was braided with pearl, and brought over the tuft of hair to the back of the head.

Fashionable colours are, green, citron, lilac, rose-colour, slate-colour, and dark blue.

Adieu, dear Sophia! Remember, I am, like yourself, a native of a commercial country, and that I shall expect a large stock of news in return for the cargo of fashions consigned to you by your

EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 21.—DRAWING-ROOM WINDOW-CURTAIN.

THE window side of a small drawing-room is represented in this engraving, as it has been executed by Mr. G. Bullock, of Tenterden-street. The arrangement of the colours, and their respective quantities, are agreeable to the practice of our best artists in their pictorial works. The draperies are elegantly disposed, and the whole forms an embellishment suited to apartments in the most fashionable style of decoration.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ACKERMANN has in the press the following works:—

1. *The Dance of Life*, intended to form a companion to The Dance of Death, lately published: the designs by Mr. Rowlandson, and the

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MUSLIN PATTERNS.

illustrations in verse by the author of Dr. Syntax. The first number will appear on the 1st of May.

2. A handsome edition, in royal octavo, of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, illustrated with a series of designs by Mr. Rowlandson.

3. A new work by Prout, entitled *Fragments for Beginners in Drawing;* containing a variety of simple and broad examples, and a comprehensive explication of the principles of perspective, for the assistance of the young student.

4. The Second Part of *The Costume of the Netherlands.*

5. Albert Durer's *Prayer-Book,* consisting of forty-four Lithographic Designs of exquisitely tasteful Ornaments, and a Portrait of that celebrated artist. This work, from stone, is copied from that published at Münich, in a similar manner, a few years ago, which is considered the finest specimen of lithographic art in pen-work. Its being out of print is the principal inducement to its republication by Mr. Ackermann.

Mr. Thomas Moore's new poem, *Lalla Rookh,* an Oriental romance, will speedily appear, with illustrations from paintings by Westall.

The Journal of the late Captain Tuckey on a Voyage of Discovery in the Interior of Africa, to explore the Source of the Zaire or Congo, with a Survey of that River beyond the Cataracts, is in the press, in 4to.

A translation of Thenard's new *Treatise on the general Principles of Chemical Analysis,* with plates and additions, forming one octavo volume, is nearly ready for publication.

The Baronet's Choice, The Little Gleaner, and *The Jasmin-Bower,* three songs, will speedily be brought out, in the same style of elegance as The Village Milk-Maid, recently published. The words and melodies by the author of The Captive to his Bird, The Wreath, and the Swiss Melodies.

Dr. Carey is about to publish an Appendix to his Latin Prosody, viz. *Latin Versification made easy,* or a copious Selection of Verses from the ancient Poets, altered and prepared, as progressive exercises for the juvenile versifier, according to the improved continental system, adopted in his "English Prosody and Versification," and in his private practice as a teacher.

Mr. James Sowerby is printing, in two vols. a *Midland Flora,* comprising the indigenous plants of the central counties of the kingdom.

Mr. Anderson, of Piccadilly, announces that he shall this spring publish an historical collection, under the title of *The Lockhart Papers;* consisting of memoirs, commentaries, and journals relating to public affairs from the accession of Queen Anne to 1728, and details relative to the invasion of the young Pretender in 1745 and 6. All such of these papers as relate to the earlier period were composed by, and are chiefly in the hand-writing of, George Lockhart, Esq. of Carnwath, who was a distinguished member both of the Scotch and British parliaments; and those relative to the latter were collected by his eldest son. The Lockhart family were faithful adherents to the house of Stuart, which circumstance occasioned the cautious concealment for so many years of these papers, which came

by marriage into the possession of Anthony Aufrere, Esq. of Hoveton, Norfolk. The work is intended to be comprised in two 4to. volumes, of 6 or 700 pages each.

Sir William Gell, and Mr. J. P. Gandy, the celebrated architect, are engaged upon a work entitled *Pompejana*, or Observations upon the Topography, Edifices, and Ornaments of Pompeji; illustrated with engravings. It will consist of ten or twelve parts, royal 8vo. to be published every two months, and each containing six plates.

Dr. Sickler of Hildburghausen, one of the most accomplished connoisseurs of the arts on the Continent, has circulated proposals for publishing a yearly volume, embellished with numerous engravings, detailing the Progress and State of the Fine Arts in all the Countries of Europe, and containing every kind of information relating to that subject which can be interesting either to the professor or amateur. He proposes, in case he can procure a sufficient number of subscribers in France and England, to print a French as well as German edition of this work.

We have great pleasure in announcing the formation of an institution, which, from the outline of its plan, seems calculated to render important services to almost every class of society. It is called The Equitable Trade Society, or General Reference Committee, and has for its object the arbitration of disputed accounts, the prevention of law-suits, and the improvement of the relative situation of debtor and creditor throughout the united kingdom. It is proposed that each subscriber shall contribute the annual sum of one pound, and the surplus, after the payment of all needful expences, is to be appropriated to the aid of honest but unfortunate persons. Such of our readers as wish for a more particular account of the plan of this institution, are referred to the Committee-Room, 38, Bridge-street, Blackfriars.

Poetry.

EXTRACT *from Poems by Miss* CAMPBELL, *just published.*

AMID the gay and festive band
Her fairy form was seen to stand;
A wildness in her hasty glance,
That spoke the soul in mournful trance;
Pale, 'mid the giddy sons of mirth,
She look'd not like a thing of earth!
The wildness in her azure eye
Quench'd not its beauty-beaming lustre;
And the quick throb, and frequent sigh,
Heaved her modest bosom high,
Round which her fair long tresses cluster;
While her polish'd cheek, with every breath,
Assumed the rose's glow, or lily hue of death.
In her fair hand, with anxious care,
A pale and wither'd rose she bare,
Which sometimes to her lip she press'd,
Then hid it, smiling, in her breast:—
Ah, me! that smile, though still a nameless charm
Played round her lovely mouth and dimpled cheek,
It faded in a look of wild alarm,
And seem'd of madness, more than joy, to speak!

She came and stood at Albert's side,
And gazed on him, and on his bride—
Her lovely hand across her forehead drew;
The parted curls display'd its snowy hue,
And the soul-touching eye of softest blue.

ON BURNING SOME LETTERS.

Farewell, ye dear transcripts of friendship and truth;
Farewell, ye effusions of nature and youth;
Farewell, ye loved treasures—but ne'er from my heart
Can your essence, your language, your dictates depart.

The fire consumes not remembrance of joy,
That like the asbestos, no flame can destroy;
And when the wild winds may your ashes disperse,
They shall echo your praise in a still wilder verse.

When care's gloomy cloud, when anxiety's sigh,
Obscured each delight, and a tear fill'd mine eye,
How blissful ye came the depression to cheer,
While I felt as if friends, as if kindred were near!

When moonbeams were veiled, when the stars hid their light,
And when gloomily wasted the taper of night;
When the happy have slumber'd, the careless forgot,
And sleep spread his charms in the palace and cot;

How oft have I feasted on each valued line,
And prayed that such feelings might ever be mine!
Though a sigh might ascend with the heart's fervent pray'r,
Yet that sigh could not, surely, disperse it in air.

Oh! will the same hand a fresh transcript display?
And may Joy brighten still in Fidelity's ray?
Then though, ye dear pages, I bid you adieu,
Hope whispers of one who the charm can renew. M.

A FRAGMENT,

Written by a Lady who had escaped shipwreck on the coast of Cornwall.

Murmuring gales and breezes blowing,
Lurid lightnings threatning battle,
To the skies their white heads throwing,
Mountain-billows round me rattle.

Trembling surges, whither haste ye?
Why exalt your heads on high?
Why in air your anger waste ye?
Why assail ye thus the sky?

Cerulean gods, my prayer attend!
Neptune blue, and Amphitrite,
Ah! no more my ear-drums rend,
For your rage is very mighty!

Hark! the good ship's heaving bottom
Thunders on the rock below!
Tho' her timbers are not rotten,
Yet I fear she soon will go.

Lo! the wildly forked lightning
Fiercely skims the murky air;
Flaky snows around me whitening,
Check Apollo's fervid glare.

Streaming vapours float on high,
Tempests shake the rocking air;
But my soul shall never die,
Shall my body then despair?

No, I feel myself in ether,
Honour's voice my bosom warms;
Tho' it is tremendous weather,
I am free from guilt's alarms.

The hardy sailor, pale with fright,
Thinks on heaven, and thinks on hell;
Now he's red, and now he's white,
Gloomy lightnings ring his knell.

His eyeballs roll in dire dismay,
His matted locks on end do stand,
While the elemental fray
Of life and death dissolves the band.

The pilot mute, with fear-fraught eyes,
Beholds afar the starless clouds;
The seaman to the whirlwind sighs,
And clings despairing to the shrouds.

But, ah! she sinks—the hoarse waves swelling,
Wash their melting souls away;
Summon'd to their long, last dwelling,
Alas! no more on earth to stay!

J. L.

A FATHER'S WISHES,

Addressed by Bishop CORBET, appointed to the see of Norwich in 1632, to his son VINCENT, two years of age.

What I shall leave thee, none can tell,
But all shall say, I wish thee well:—
I wish thee, Vin, before all wealth,
Both bodily and ghostly health:
Not too much wealth, nor wit, come to thee;
Too much of either may undo thee.
I wish thee learning, not for show;
Enough for to instruct and know:
Not such as gentlemen require,
To prate at table, or at fire.
I wish thee all thy mother's graces,
Thy father's fortunes, and his places.
I wish thee friends, and one at court—
Not to build on, but to support;
To keep thee, not in doing many
Oppressions, but from suffering any.
I wish thee peace in all thy ways,
Nor lazy nor contentious days;
And, when thy soul and body part,
As innocent, as now thou art.

TO ——— ———.

My love! thy smile is more to me
Than to the soldier Fame's bright crown;
I prize a myrtle-wreath from thee,
More than the laurel's high renown.

Love, to be true, must be entire;
No other passion of the soul
Should weaken love's sublimer fire,
Or damp its ardent, pure controul.

Such is the love my bosom bears,
'Tis all, dear maid, 'tis all thy own;
No other thought that bosom shares
But love for thee, and thee alone.

Then let that frown be seen no more;
It spoils a face divinely fair,
Wrinkles a brow that I adore,
And almost bids my soul despair.

Oh! let thy dimpling smile appear;
Oh! raise the lid of that bright eye;
'Twill free my breast from timid fear,
And hope's sweet solace will be nigh.

For, oh! thy smile is more to me
Than to the soldier Fame's bright crown;
I prize a myrtle-wreath from thee,
More than the laurel's high renown!

J. M. LACEY.

LINES

Written on a Window in the Isle of Man.

Mona, farewell!
With thy three monstrous emblematic legs;
With all thy brandy, and with all thy kegs:
Mona!—where none but fools and madmen come,
To drench their cares in brandy and in rum:—
Mona!--where strangers are most strangely treated,
And all combine to cheat, or to be cheated:—
Mona!—thou group of knaves and desperadoes,
Of spendthrifts, fops, and sots, and renegadoes:—
Mona!--where those who cheat the world beside,
Secure display their splendour and their pride:
Mona!—whose trade is most accurst and evil:—
Mona!—inhospitable and uncivil:—
Mona! thou territory of the devil,
Blest be the day that thou and I do sever!
Mona!—farewell, for ever and for ever!

L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.